The Outlook

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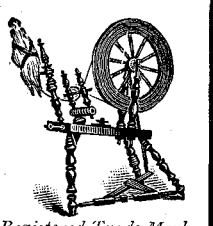

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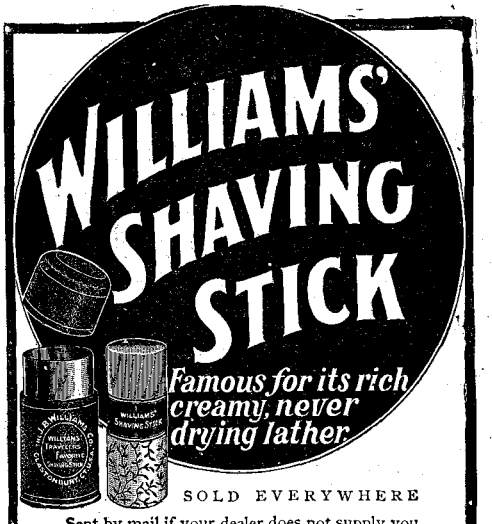

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The Outlook

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The Work of Congress Bills to prevent the recurrence of Anarchist crimes were pushed to the front at the opening of the new session of Congress. Four such bills were introduced into the Senate the first day. The one presented by Senator Vest, of Missouri, merely ordered immediate inquiry by the Judiciary Committee into the powers of the National Government to deal with the matter; but the others assumed the right of the National Government to provide for the punishment of assaults upon its own officials and to exclude Anarchist immigrants. Senator McComas's bill provided the death penalty for all participants in an attempt to kill the President or any officer upon whom his duties might devolve in case of his death. Senator Hoar's bill prescribed an imprisonment of twenty years as the penalty for advising the assassination of our President or of the chief magistrate of any foreign country, providing also, of course, the death penalty for those who take part in such assassinations. Senator Burrows's bill authorized further measures for the exclusion and deportation of immigrant Anarchists. In the course of the discussion Senator Hoar suggested the deportation of persons opposed to all government to some uninhabited island, where they might try their own system upon one another. There is no doubt that the temper of Congress insures action sufficiently radical. The other matter which absorbed attention in the Senate was the disposition of the new treaty with Great Britain and the passage of the Isthmian Canal bill furthered thereby. The Senate went into executive session on Monday of this week to consider the treaty, and promises to keep that measure before it until action is taken. Senator Morgan is confident of a speedy passage of his Nicaragua Canal bill, but several Eastern Senators are reported to be urging the adoption of the Panama route. In the House the most important event thus far is the naming of the Ways and Means Committee, with Messrs. Payne, of New York, Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, Hopkins, of Illinois, and Grosvenor, of Ohio, at the head of its Republican contingent, and McClellan, of New York, and Newlands, of Nevada, among the Democratic members. The extreme protectionists are, of course, entirely satisfied with the composition of this Committee, and no substantial concessions to reciprocity or anti-trust sentiment are anticipated. The Committee has asserted the exclusive right of the House to introduce a tariff bill to govern our trade with the Philippines, and will immediately prepare a bill to prevent the free importation of Philippine products under the recent decision of the Supreme Court. Toward the Philippines some tariff concessions are possible. Among domestic topics, that of preventing the unconstitutional over-representation of Southern States has engaged attention. Particularly among Western Republicans, the recent acts to disfranchise negroes in the South are resented as an impairment of the principle of equal rights supposed to have been established by the Civil War.

❀

The New Canal Treaty The text of the new Hay-Pauncefote Treaty sent to the Senate last week confirms the unofficial summary printed two weeks ago in The Outlook. It supersedes the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty of 1850; provides that the canal (that is, any canal between the Atlantic and Pacific) may be constructed under the auspices of the United States, either directly or indirectly,

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and that the United States may provide exclusively for its regulation and management; and stipulates that the rules of the free navigation of the canal shall be substantially those governing the Suez Canal—that is, that the canal shall be open to all nations on equal terms, with no discrimination as to rates of traffic or otherwise—that the canal shall never be blockaded, nor any act of hostility be committed within it, but that "the United States shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder." Regulations as to the conduct of neutrals and belligerents in war are framed to carry out the provisions thus put, and these provisions are made to apply to the waters adjacent within three marine miles of either end of the canal, while complete immunity is secured to the plant and construction of the canal in war time. Furthermore, it is agreed "that no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the country or countries traversed by the before-mentioned canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization of the obligation of the high contracting parties under the present treaty." There is practically no doubt that the treaty will be ratified by the Senate, although not without some opposition. The Committee on Foreign Relations has unanimously decided to report favorably on the treaty. The chief point of objection seems to be that, in the opinion of some Senators, the provisions above quoted about "military police" do not sufficiently guarantee the right of fortification. To the country at large this objection seems to have little practical force, and there is not much likelihood that it will be pressed insistently.

❀

The Nicaragua and Panama Routes Compared

The Isthmian Canal Commission has reported in favor of the Nicaragua in preference to the Panama route. The relative advantages and disadvantages of the two routes are set forth in the published summary with apparent impartiality, and may be stated as follows:

1. Cost of building: Nicaragua, $189,000,000; Panama, $253,000,000.
2. Cost of operating: Nicaragua, $1,350,000 a year more than Panama.
3. Time needed for building: Nicaragua, eight years; Panama, ten years.
4. Time needed for crossing isthmus: Nicaragua, 33 hours; Panama, 12 hours.
5. Time needed to reach isthmus: Nicaragua, two to three days less.
6. Harbors needed at Nicaragua; already exist at Panama.
7. Healthfulness of location: Nicaragua, fair; Panama, bad.

As regards the cost of building, the Commission estimates the Panama route at $253,000,000 because the French company has been asking $109,000,000 for the work already performed. The work done, says the Commission, is not worth over $40,000,000. If the Panama company reduces its figures to $40,000,000, the Commission would apparently figure the cost of the two routes at about the same amount. The Committee points out that the twenty-one hours saved in crossing the Panama route would still leave the more northern route an advantage of from one to two days for all ships bound from our Atlantic and Gulf ports to our ports on the Pacific. In the published summary there is no estimate of the cost of building the harbors necessary for the Nicaragua route. The announcement, published with the summary, that Commissioner Morison favored the Panama route is pronounced by Admiral Walker, the head of the Commission, to be entirely wrong. The Commission unanimously recommends that the United States build the new route projected through Nicaragua rather than attempt to complete the old one through Panama on which the French company spent nearly three hundred million dollars with such disappointing results.

❀

A Democratic Platform

At the Democratic caucus in Washington held just before the assembling of the House some resolutions were tendered by Mr. McClellan, of New York, which were referred without action to a Committee on Resolutions. It is understood—whether correctly or not we do not assuredly know—that they represent the political views of that section of the Democratic party which is led by such men as Edward M. Shepard and George Foster Peabody. Internal evidence confirms this report, which is much more probable than the earlier rumor that they were sent to

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Washington by Mr. Croker. For these resolutions represent convictions; and no one has ever accused Mr. Croker of having convictions. The resolutions may be epitomized thus:

Opposition to the present protective tariff. Repeal of tariff on all goods now sold more cheaply abroad than at home. Approval of reciprocity treaties.

The largest practicable commercial intercourse with Porto Rico and Cuba.

Opposition to ship subsidy bill.

Opposition to incorporation of newly acquired islands into the United States, or extension of sovereignty over them, "except as the protection of our Constitution no less than of our flag may be extended to them with safety to ourselves."

Opposition to a colonial system.

This is the best and clearest statement of a Democratic platform that we have seen for some time; we hope that it will not be allowed to slumber permanently in committee. It is every way desirable that there should be two parties in this country, each with its clearly defined policy and its recognized leaders, that the country may decide between the two. The Outlook in general terms agrees with the first, second, and third of the above propositions and not with the fourth and fifth. We wish to see a colonial system adopted, and Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines brought into the relation of colonies to the United States.

❀

Foreign Comments on the President's Message

The comments of the English papers on President Roosevelt's Message have been generally but not universally favorable. The "Spectator" declares, "Here at any rate is a man who knows what he means, and who means that the world shall know it also." The attitude of the Message toward Anarchism is applauded by the English dailies and the English weeklies alike, although there is some difference of opinion as to the feasibility of the President's suggestions for legislation. One paper says that "the Anarchists' programme is splendid in theory, but in practice it is impossible." A diversity of opinion in the English papers greets the President's remarks about trusts. The "Westminster Gazette," for instance, says that the reference to trusts "spells a good deal of uncertainty for the American market," and adds, "The high tariff of the United States has created an artificial position under which the trusts have prospered; therefore their business must be regulated artificially." Yet nearly all the papers recognize the sincerity of the President's utterances, and see that, as the "Morning Post" remarks, "no attempt has been made to strike an attitude or carry his listeners away." The "Saturday Review" holds that "the trust is the last word of the system of scientific organization, and the President is right when he declines to hamper the captains of industry." The situation with respect to the Isthmian Canal is accepted by the English journals with equanimity, and the "Telegraph" goes so far as to say that it would have been "an inconceivably disastrous blunder to have opposed America's wishes in this matter, because to do so would incite the United States to build a great fleet." As to reciprocity, the "Chronicle" voices the general opinion in saying that while President Roosevelt shows great tenderness for protectionist susceptibilities, his proposed policy is a step in the direction of free trade. The German papers and German statesmen are naturally most interested just now in the utterances respecting international trade because of the agitation now going on in Germany about American aggressiveness in the world's markets, and because of the discussion now in progress over the new German tariff law. The reciprocity recommendations of the Message are well received in Germany, but it is regretted that Mr. Roosevelt did not recommend a specific tariff reduction. A curious comment was that of the "Vossische Zeitung," which says with commendation that "the feet of the United States are well in the imperialistic road," and that "ventures abroad seem to agree with them."

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Secretary Gage's Report

The United States Treasury is at present in a condition of unparalleled strength, and this goes far to explain the superior credit of the United States as measured by price quotations in the world's financial markets. Two years ago our interest-bearing debt stood at its highest point, $1,046,000,000. At present it stands at $954,000,000. But this statement covers only the face amount. Interest is

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as much a part of a debt as is the principal. During the past two years this feature of the debt has been anticipated, and paid to an amount nearly as great as has been the reduction of the principal. Hence, broadly speaking, the public debt has been reduced by almost a hundred and fifty million dollars. Secondly, the cash fund in the Treasury has been increased in that period by nearly a hundred millions. Hence Secretary Gage recommends that the revenues be reduced by $50,000,000, and as a first step he proposes the repeal of all the miscellaneous war taxes. Mr. Gage rightly declares that the present time is the most propitious in our history, and as favorable as we may hope for in the future, to eliminate elements of financial weakness. Our banks stand isolated; there is no tie of mutuality between them, no obligation of duty from the strong to the weak. The function of a bank is to give its money obligations in exchange for the money obligations of its customers. Credits on the bank's books are called deposits; but this name is a misnomer if by its use it is intended to represent deposits of actual money. Average receipts by banks of actual money are not over one-tenth of daily deposits; the rest consists of checks or orders for the transfer of existing bank credits from one person to another. Loan of credit by a bank is essentially a manufacture of the medium of exchange, expanding and contracting by millions every day. Three causes operate to increase the demand upon banks for these credit facilities: (1) A rise in prices of commodities; (2) an increase in their volume; (3) an enlarged activity in the sale and transfer of goods and securities. The influence which limits the abilities of the banks to continue indefinitely a loan expansion is the cash reserve held by them. It must bear a proper relation to liabilities. When there is business activity, there is also a steady expansion in the means of exchange furnished by bank credits; but unsettling influences bring higher prices and send gold abroad for better bargains. Credit loses its power in some degree, and cash becomes relatively the more important. The banks suspend as much as possible their operations of loaning and discounting. Hence the most necessary medium of exchange, namely, bank credits, ceases, or at least becomes entirely inadequate. In 1893, within a period of less than twelve months, bank deposits or credits were contracted by more than four hundred million dollars, while bank cash holdings were increased by nearly fifty million dollars. In other words, a volume of bank credits hitherto available for transfer in the ordinary channels of trade was diverted. Unless modifications in our laws be made securing the strength of association, a repetition of 1893 is only a question of time. To avoid such a disaster Mr. Gage recommends (1) bank federation; (2) bank currency.

❀

Bank Credits

The first plan which has occurred to many in giving the surplus power of the safe and strong to the support of the weak and exposed is that of a large central bank with multiplied branches; but this proposition offends "the common instincts of our people," and seems at present impossible of realization. Mr. Gage suggests, however, that its advantages might be gained in different form. He would apply the principle of federation, would keep the banks as individual units and preserve their independence of action in local relationship, but, by some certain percentage of capital contributed by the banks themselves, would unite them in a great central institution, the management of which would be created by the suffrage of all. As to the exchange called currency, excluding Treasury notes of 1890 (now in course of extinction) and silver and gold certificates (representing actual coin held for their redemption), there are now extant in the public service 346,000,000 of Government notes (greenbacks) and a little more than 360,000,000 of National bank notes. The limit in their volume is substantially fixed, the first by statute and the second by the market price of United States bonds. Present and prospective prices of bonds rob banks of any motive for the issue of bank notes. In a locality where the rate of interest is four per cent., a National bank has now an advantage of less than three-quarters of one per cent. per annum on note-issuing. Thus bank circulation based on Government bonds is not elastic enough; the amount depends on the price of the bonds, not on the needs of

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trade. To meet this, Mr. Gage would provide that any National banking association which shall deposit with the Treasurer of the United States three-tenths of its capital in the form of United States bonds at their par value, and two-tenths of its capital in United States legal-tender notes, as security therefor, shall be entitled to issue its circulating notes to an amount equal to its paid-in and unimpaired capital. In addition, banks permitted to issue notes shall pay semi-annually one-eighth of one per cent. on their capital stocks, such payments to constitute a guaranty fund for the protection of the note of any insolvent bank. The effect of such a law, says Mr. Gage, would lead to an increase in capital of the National banks from the present amount of $663,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. When this latter amount is reached, there will be tied up in the Treasury three hundred millions in bonds and two hundred millions in greenbacks as security for an equal amount of bank notes issued. Two benefits would follow. Some sixty millions in United States bonds, now imprisoned as security, would be gradually released for sale in the general market, and the impounding of the greenbacks as security for the bank notes would relieve the Government from their redemption to the extent of two hundred millions. For the balance of one hundred and forty-six millions in legal-tender notes the one hundred and fifty millions in gold now held as a special redemption fund would be excessive; if this were reduced to a hundred and forty-six millions, the greenbacks would become virtually what he believes they ought to be in reality—gold certificates. Mr. Gage affirms that the note-issuing function, within the limits of entire safety, is as legitimate and as serviceable to the community as is the issuing of bank-credit in any other form. No criticism of our system of banking, however pertinent, he adds, will apply to bank-note issues of currency, under the conditions of joint security from bonds and a sufficient guaranty fund.

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The Effect of the Report

In the preceding paragraphs we have endeavored to give a concise summary of Secretary Gage's report. Whatever he says on questions of finance and banking is entitled to the most considerate hearing, for it comes from perhaps the foremost public expert on the subject in this country. We should have been glad if Mr. Gage had spoken more definitely on the question of taxation, and had suggested to Congress the propriety of reducing the surplus now in the Treasury by a more vigorous reduction of the war taxes. We think it is generally recognized that the enormous surplus in the United States Treasury is a menace to the best industrial and economic interests of the Nation. With the Secretary's statement that it is of prime importance to the country to have a sound and stable system of elastic currency The Outlook is in hearty agreement. It has, in the financial discussions of the last eight years, constantly contended that the present system of bank credits and bank currency is seriously defective in that it automatically contracts when the people legitimately need expansion, and *vice versa*. But whether the elasticity and security of the currency can best be provided by the co-operation of National banks, which are semi-private institutions and thereby dependent upon private capital, or by the direct action of the Government itself through the Treasury Department, is a question so far-reaching that pretty general public discussion is needed, we think, before legislative action follows Secretary Gage's recommendation. In our opinion, the issuance of money, whether coin or paper, is a perfectly proper function of the Government, both legally and economically. That system prevails today in our greenbacks, and practically in the National bank notes, which in a very important sense are issued by the Government through the National banks acting as its agents and under its direct control and supervision. We do not think the people will agree to surrender this Governmental function until they are assured that private enterprise and private capital can improve upon it.

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The Northern Securities Company

A proprietary company called The Northern Securities, with four hundred million dollars capital and the right to increase it without limit, was recently formed in New Jersey to absorb among others the securities of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific

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Railways. These are parallel and competing lines, and operate in seven Northwestern States. Public opinion in those States has become aroused in opposition; it is feared that the destruction of free competition there means an unrighteous monopoly. On behalf of the Securities Company it has been said, first, that it has the rights of any individual, and an individual, while not living in the State in which a particular organization does business, may absorb the control of that organization. To this it is answered that the Supreme Court has already denied to a corporation the rights of its individual members. Secondly, it is claimed by officers of the Company that it does not intend to do business in the Northwestern States; it will merely own the stock of certain railways, and will strictly obey the laws of those States. To this the answer is that, if the properties thus owned are operated in States composing the consolidation, the ownership would appear to constitute "doing business" in those States. More than this, the statutes of some of the Northwestern States forbid combinations of parallel and competing lines. The New Jersey company would thus violate the spirit if not the letter of these laws. With the exception of Governor Rogers, of Washington, the Governors of the Northwestern States have now replied to a letter from Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, asking for advice in opposing the consolidation. According to reports in the daily press these replies are interesting reading.

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The Northwestern Governors

Governor Geer, of Oregon, says that the people of his State are so well satisfied with the treatment received from railway companies that the Legislature has ignored his recommendation in two successive messages concerning railway control. That control in Oregon is in an anomalous condition, since the State has no railway commission and no statutory provision for the regulation of rates. Governor Hunt, of Idaho, regrets that his State is also without constitutional provision or law, which would enable him to render material aid in the contest, but declares that the matter will be the subject of action by the next Legislature. Governor Toole, of Montana, declares that the consolidation violates the statutes of his State, and promises co-operation in opposing it. Governor White, of North Dakota, quotes the Constitution of his State, prohibiting the consolidation of parallel and competing railway lines. There are also enactments prohibiting the formation of trusts and pools for the purpose of hampering trade. Governor Herreid, of South Dakota, says that the two railways in question have so little mileage in his State that any action there would be of no moment. Upheld by general sentiment, as will be seen by Mr. Washburn's article in another column, Governor Van Sant asserts that the State of New Jersey has no right to grant any power to violate the Minnesota statute prescribing heavy penalties for those who may become parties to any pool or consolidation; and corporations which have taken part in the formation of such organizations are prohibited from transacting further business within the State. Taking advantage of these provisions, the Governor will institute immediate proceedings in the State courts; he will also call a special session of the Legislature. Finally, he will institute proceedings in the Federal courts, relying upon a long line of decisions there to support him in opposing the consolidation. In the trans-Missouri court decision, for instance, the Supreme Court held that joint traffic associations are in restraint of trade and in conflict with the Anti-Trust Law. In the opinion of Governor Van Sant, and of many observers East as well as West, the Northern Securities Company is a means to the same end as a joint traffic association. If this is proved, the Supreme Court will probably rule that it is in restraint of commerce. In case the Anti-Trust Law is not invoked, the Inter-State Commerce Law can be. It forbids the consolidation of parallel and competing lines, and also forbids the formation of any trust or combination calculated to violate or evade the railway laws of any State.

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The German Tariff and the Socialists

The new German tariff bill, enormously increasing the taxes on imported breadstuffs and seriously increasing those on manufactured articles as well, was

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formally presented to the Reichstag last week by Chancellor von Bülow. Apparently recognizing that the measure would provoke the greatest parliamentary struggle Germany has witnessed for years, the Chancellor urged the members to minimize party differences and conduct their debate so as to show a united front toward foreign nations, since foreign ears were listening. The new tariff, he claimed, was based upon the work of experts representing all the industries affected, and would not make an end of reciprocity treaties with other countries. On the contrary, he asserted, the measure was "intended to furnish a better weapon for future commercial treaty negotiations." This last claim was greeted with exclamations of derision from the ranks of the Liberals and Socialists, who thought it flatly contradicted by the preparations already being made by Italy, Austria, and Hungary to denounce their commercial treaties with Germany and raise their own tariffs against Germany in case the new bill became law. The adroit appeal for harmony between parties likewise proved ineffectual, for the divisions in German society over the new tariff are already too deep not to show themselves in the Reichstag's debate. Although the Chancellor claimed that all industries had been considered in the passing of the bill, it was evident on the face of the measure that the landholders had framed its important clauses in their own interests, and that the wage-earning classes must bear the brunt of the new burdens imposed. In fact, the discrimination in favor of the rural landlords was so marked that their natural allies among the commercial classes in the cities have been largely alienated, and the Socialist Deputies from the cities represent almost the whole urban population in their opposition to the new bill. Coming as the measure does at a time of commercial depression, the public sense of public burdens is uncommonly acute, and the Socialists are likely to make converts in ranks of society hitherto closed to them when they denounce the Government for class legislation.

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Herr Bebel's Speech

How far the Socialists have gone in this denunciation is indicated by the following extract from Herr Bebel's speech—a speech which, according to the cable despatches, at times "enthralled" even his party opponents:

> "There are two nations in the German State—the plunderers and the plundered. The Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bülow, spoke for the former; I am speaking for the latter. The proposition of the Government is to lay a tax of between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 marks on food, in order to make more profitable the occupation of fifteen per cent. of the people. Only one-ninth of the grain is imported. Agriculture in Germany may be called prosperous. The late Dr. von Miquel, in an official declaration three years ago, said German agriculture was prosperous. The Prussian Crown knows it is prosperous, because it is now investing 3,000,000 marks in new agricultural holdings. If any landlord is not getting on well now, it is because of large hunting parties, gambling, well-filled wine-cellars, sons in crack cavalry regiments, and town houses in Berlin." At this point in Herr Bebel's speech Graf von Kardorff, one of the greatest landowners in Germany, laughed jeeringly. "Yes," continued Herr Bebel, "that is the way with you fellows. You lay taxes upon the poor, and when it is proved to you that they are unnecessary, you laugh. But the world's history rolls on over you regardlessly."

"Hunger duties" was the striking description which Herr Bebel gave to the new taxes on grain, and the furor of popular support which his arraignment has awakened seems to put him at the head of an agitation in Germany like that led by Cobden and Bright for the repeal of the corn laws in England. Already, under Herr Bebel's leadership, the Social Democratic party in Germany had been practically transformed from a revolutionary Socialist party into a radical Democratic party in league with the Liberals for social reforms practicable under the present order. Now that the Socialists have made themselves a thoroughgoing free-trade party, their fusion with the Liberals is still further advanced, and the presence in the next Parliament of a strong opposition to the reactionaries is well-nigh assured.

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Child Labor in Alabama

The effective protest of the Alabama Committee on Child-Labor Laws, which we summarized a few weeks ago, against the influence exerted by New England manufacturers to maintain the employment of children under twelve years of age in the cotton-factories of the South, has called forth a reply from Mr. J. Howard

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Nichols, of Boston, who is the treasurer of the Alabama City Mill. The substance of his defense is as follows:

> From the starting of our mill I have never been South without protesting to the agent and overseer of spinning (the only department in which small help can be employed) against allowing children under twelve years of age to come into the mill, as I did not consider them intelligent enough to do good work. . . . Not only is it wrong from a humanitarian standpoint, but it entails an absolute loss to the mill. The trouble comes largely from the parents, who make every effort to get their children into the mill, and often, because of refusal, take their families, containing needed workers, to other mills where no objection is made to the employment of children. Now, in regard to the attempted legislation of last winter. The labor organizations at the North imported from England a very bright and skillful female labor agitator and sent her to Alabama. She held meetings at central points, and when the Legislature convened appeared at Montgomery, with her following, and a bill against employing children was promptly introduced. The manufacturers and other business men of Alabama resented this outside interference, well knowing the source from which it came, and they were also aware that manufacturers at the North were being solicited for funds with which to incite labor troubles in the South. As they recognized that this bill was only the entering wedge, they determined that action must come from within the State, and not outside.

The Chairman of the Alabama Committee, the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Montgomery, has replied to Mr. Nichols's reply, thanking him for his admission that the employment of children under twelve is not only "wrong from a humanitarian standpoint, but entails a loss to the mill," and going on to show that by his own testimony his company could be saved from this "wrong" and "loss" if it would not oppose legislation requiring competitors to maintain the standards he advocates. If the law forbade the employment of children under twelve, parents could no longer threaten to remove to neighboring towns where their half-grown and less than half-schooled children could be put to work. With reference to the Boston manufacturer's argument that legislation to prevent immoral and injurious conditions in Alabama should be resisted because a part of its support comes from labor organizations outside of Alabama, Chairman Murphy says: "This is a strange objection upon the part of one who represents investments from outside. The evils may be supported from the East, but the remedies must be indigenous!" Altogether the reform movement in Alabama has been furthered by the publication of the Boston protest. We are glad to state that the recent selection of the Chairman of the Alabama Committee to serve as Executive Secretary of the Southern Education Board will not remove him from Montgomery nor from the labor reform work he has so ably carried forward.

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The Anti-Vaccination Movement

The anti-vaccination movement, which has shown such surprising strength of late years in Switzerland and England, seems recently to have been making some headway within the United States. A few weeks ago one of the teachers in a girls' high school in Philadelphia refused to obey the order of the Board of Education requiring vaccination, and, when dismissed in consequence, appealed to the courts. The lower courts sustained the Board, but before her case had had time to come before the higher courts an alarming succession of deaths following vaccination awakened a new sentiment in her behalf. In Philadelphia itself, according to press despatches, there were several cases of lockjaw following vaccination, and in the neighboring city of Camden, N. J., the Board of Education was compelled to rescind the order of compulsory vaccination by the development of seven fatal cases of the same disease among recently vaccinated persons. The Board of Health of Camden requested physicians to stop vaccinating people until there has been a thorough investigation. The physician at the head of the Board publicly expressed his own belief that vaccination has not caused the recent deaths, and physicians elsewhere note that the lockjaw or tetanus germ may appear whenever wounds of any kind are not properly treated. Whatever the cause, however, the presence of an epidemic of lockjaw and the simultaneous appearance of press despatches announcing deaths from lockjaw following vaccination in Atlantic City, N. J., and Bristol, Pa., have temporarily made the fear of vaccination in the Camden district more acute than the fear of smallpox. Physicians

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are all but unanimous in declaring the fear of vaccination groundless, if care has been used in preparing the vaccine matter and if the wounds are cared for, and they point to the great reduction in the number of deaths from smallpox since vaccination succeeded inoculation a century ago. In England, it may be said, the anti-vaccinators, with Alfred Russel Wallace at their head, admit the decline in the death-rate from smallpox during the present century, but declare that almost the same decline has been manifest in the death-rate from all kindred diseases the victims of which are promptly isolated. Better sanitation, greater cleanliness, and the prompt isolation of persons affected with the contagion are, it is claimed, the real causes of the better conditions now prevailing. In England the controversy has been gathering headway rapidly since the recent recurrence of a smallpox epidemic, and has in general been more marked by heat than light.

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Lord Kitchener's Blockhouses

The recent speech of Mr. Brodrick, British War Secretary, contained the interesting statement that Great Britain now has no less than 42,000 Boers in custody in the concentration camps and on various islands, and that 11,000 more had been killed or wounded, or had left the country on parole. Mr. Brodrick believed the number of Boers now in the field to be about ten thousand. "Thus," he exclaimed, "the country has set its teeth and intends to go through the process of wearing down." The process of wearing down is being principally accomplished not so much by means of Lord Kitchener's troops (and Mr. Brodrick added, "We intend to provide Lord Kitchener with fresh troops to replace the tired ones") as by the system of blockhouses instituted in South Africa. The success of the blockhouses has been enough to justify increasing their number, especially between the Natal and Delagoa Bay railways, a district in which twelve British columns are now operating. The concentration of these columns south of the Delagoa railway, however, has withdrawn the troops north of the line. The result is that the Boers are back again in that neighborhood, a district where food is plentiful and where horse-sickness and fever do not prevail. The Delagoa railway from the Portuguese port of Lourenço Marques, the Natal railway from Durban, and the three lines of railway from the Cape Colony ports, all five leading to Pretoria, are now guarded by lines of blockhouses, and strategic feeders have been thrown out to right and left. These houses are hexagonal corrugated iron buildings. Their walls are constructed of two sheets of iron four inches apart, and filled in with gravel. Each house is also provided with a spider-web of wire entanglement. The houses are placed at intervals of three thousand yards, and are of course equipped with signaling apparatus. The cost has been enormous, as will be seen in the forthcoming British loan, but military authorities are unanimous in the opinion that their success has been undoubted in defeating systematic Boer hostilities.

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Italy's Regeneration

The women of Italy, especially those from Tuscany, Lombardy, and Piedmont, combine a ready southern sympathy with a genius for executive detail—a quality realized by foreigners who have lived in the Peninsula, if not by tourists. A very interesting attempt to train women for positions as nurses has been made at Florence where Miss Baxter, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, and Miss Turton, an English trained nurse, have opened a "Casa di Cura." As its name implies, this is, first of all, a small hospital, a necessary adjunct in any training-school for nurses. In the double work of this institution the laws of right living will receive an emphasis as yet inadequately conveyed in Italy. Another attempt has been made at Turin, the capital of Piedmont, where at the Protestant Hospital the Waldensians have just established a training-school for nurses and deaconesses. The scholastic year begins with four pupils. The charge for the maintenance of each is five hundred lire (about $100) annually. Many Waldensian girls are anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity but have not sufficient funds; hence, in addition to its primal work of helping the Waldensian Evangelical Church of Italy, the New York

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Waldensian Society has also assumed this school as a special field of energy. At the head of this local society are such men as the Rev. Drs. Greer, Hall, and Dodge; and Mrs. Dorman, 28 West Sixty-ninth Street, New York City, is the treasurer. Heretofore Waldensians have had to send their girls to Switzerland and Germany to be trained as nurses, governesses, and deaconesses, and when educated the women's first allegiance had to be given to the particular school which trained them. It was first suggested to establish the new school at Torre Pellice, in one of the exclusively Waldensian valleys of Piedmont, but the promoters were large-minded enough to recognize that at Turin it would have a wider appeal.

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Bishop Brent on Philippine Problems

To the general public the most interesting feature of the Episcopal Missionary Conference at Rochester last week was Bishop-elect Brent's address. Replying to those who held that the sending of a Protestant Bishop to the Philippines is discourteous to a Church having priority of occupation in the islands, the new Bishop declared that since the Philippine Islands were now a part of America, the Protestant Episcopal Church had a superior right of jurisdiction because the consecration of the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop antedated by several years that of the first Roman Catholic Bishop. "Technically considered, our right of jurisdiction in the Philippines is the same as in any State in the Union. Our communion goes to the islands with the same unblemished title with which she entered Louisiana, California, New Mexico, and Alaska." In the mind of some readers, however, the query may arise: Suppose the Roman Catholic Church had come first to America with episcopal authority, would the Protestant Episcopal Church's right to American jurisdiction be less than it is to-day? To the objection made that because of its missionary deficit the Protestant Episcopal Church ought not to have undertaken responsibility in the Philippines, the Bishop-elect replied that the Church itself was entirely solvent. "Scores of parishes could easily wipe out the entire deficit without giving up their luxuries. The Board of Managers is not to be made a scapegoat; it is only a disbursing agency. The shame is the shame of every wealthy church whose members fail to acknowledge their just debts." In discussing this question the Rev. Dr. H. W. Nelson declared that the Board of Missions had now lost its powers and dignity by being forced to give place in the General Convention to doctrinal and legislative affairs of the Church. Furthermore, he said, the Board sits behind closed doors, and gives the impressions that its operations are secret. "The idea of a close corporation is fatal to the interests of missions. What we need is solidarity—the effacement of the unit in the life of our whole body. Athletics teaches us this. Team work wins to-day." Dr. Nelson's idea of team work is that the Board of Missions should be made up of representatives from every diocese and presided over by a Bishop chosen for that purpose—a change proposed at the recent General Convention, which, however, declined to adopt it.

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Protestantism in Porto Rico

Porto Rico has lately illustrated on a small scale but strikingly the quickening which evangelical Protestantism has been found to impart to other forms of religion, whether Christian, as the Roman and Greek Churches, or non-Christian, as Hinduism and Buddhism. At a strategic point among the mountains the American Missionary Association some two years ago planted a Christian school in Lares, a center for some fifty thousand people. The Bishop had not visited the place for twelve years, during which time there had been no confirmations. The lowest fee accepted by priests for a baptism was a peso (sixty cents, or several days' wages), and for a marriage three pesos. Consequently many of the poor lived in concubinage, and baptism was a luxury beyond their means. The growing influence of the Protestant school changed all that. Last summer the Bishop gave three days to Lares in directing the labors of five or six priests in the ministration of the rites of the Church, with much denunciation of Protestantism as "of the devil." But there were no fees. Crowds of people who had lived together without marriage

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came with their children for the Church's blessing on their union—seventy couples in one day. Among the multitudes of children confirmed as well as baptized were scores of infants. This, however, has not diminished the influence of the Protestant school among the intelligent.

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Joseph Henry Thayer

The announcement of the death of Professor Thayer at Cambridge, November 26, in his seventy-fourth year, came unexpectedly to many who thought the burden of years rested on his youthful spirit more lightly than on others. A summer in Germany having failed to bring renewed health, he reached New York, October 15, in an enfeebled condition, and sank gradually away. His name is specially commemorated by the Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament which he translated, revised, and enlarged from Professor Grimm's monumental work, and by the American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible, on which he labored till its publication this year—having been from the first the Secretary of the New Testament Company of the American Revision Committee. From a five years' pastoral charge at Salem, Mass., Professor Thayer removed in 1864 to Andover, where for eighteen years he held the professorship of Sacred Literature. Difficulties, which the Seminary Trustees and Visitors have lately removed, having arisen regarding assent to the Seminary creed, Professor Thayer resigned his chair in 1882, but was soon called to the chair of New Testament Criticism at the Harvard Divinity School. This he resigned last spring on the ground of advancing age, but retained his connection with the School as Professor Emeritus. Professor Thayer's eminence in Biblical learning was recognized at home and abroad. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton conferred on him the degree of D.D., and the University of Dublin the degree of Litt.D. As a scholar he was characterized by intense love of reality, impatience with obscurantism and all paltering with facts, intentness on truth and exactness, coupled with the mediatorial faculty of appreciating both sides of a controverted question. A lifelong student of the New Testament, he was also an exemplar of its ideal of manhood. Manly spirit carried him, with some of his parishioners and townsmen, into the war for the Union, as Chaplain of the Fortieth Massachusetts, in 1862–63. Soldierly chivalrousness and scholarly modesty were happily blended in his generous nature, and his intentness on Christian service and regardlessness of personal considerations in questions of duty were illuminated by a cheerful optimism that was fed by daily converse with the Christ of the Gospels. His life-work was complete, but his hopes and plans for the recently established American School in Palestine, of which he was a laborious promoter, devolve for fulfillment upon others.

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The Lord's Prayer Unconstitutional

A clear case of that narrowness of mind by which legal authorities sometimes lessen respect for legal opinions appears in the recently reported ruling of the Attorney-General of Minnesota that the use of the Lord's Prayer in public schools is prohibited by the State Constitution. The alleged prohibition reads as follows: "Nor shall any man be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship." It may indeed be said for the Attorney-General's decision that "every place is hallowed ground," wherever God is sought in prayer. But if the recital of the Lord's Prayer makes a school-house "a place of worship" in the view and intent of the Minnesota Constitution, the same is true of the State Capitol, whenever chaplains officiate in the Legislature. These, then, must be excluded, lest some atheistic taxpayer's constitutional rights be infringed.

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Barnard College

The friends of Barnard College are making strenuous efforts to comply with the condition of a gift of two hundred thousand dollars provisionally made by Mr. John D. Rockefeller towards the endowment of the college, and which depends on the raising of an equal amount by the friends of the college before January 1. If it is possible to secure this generous gift, a long step will be taken towards lifting the very heavy burden under which the College rests, and putting it not only on a firm

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but on a comfortable footing. It has ceased to be an experiment; it has become a college of the first rank; it is beautifully housed; but it has already outgrown its accommodations. It has been served with conspicuous ability by men and women whose faith has triumphed over all obstacles, and who, in the face of every kind of discouragement, have laid broadly and deeply the foundations of a college for women of the first order in the metropolis. In twelve years the number of its students has increased from thirty-six to four hundred; it has acquired nearly a million dollars' worth of property; it has a faculty of over forty, and it has become an integral part of Columbia University. It was founded for the purpose of meeting a deeply felt and clearly defined need in the life of the city, and generous men and women who care for the higher life of New York ought to be glad of this opportunity of making a further contribution to the support of one of the institutions which make directly for that life.

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The Supreme Court Decision and its Consequences

The full opinions of the Supreme Court in the latest insular cases, to which we referred very briefly last week, lie before us. They confirm the decisions given in the previous cases, with some further applications, and the interpretation of those decisions as already given to our readers in The Outlook. The perplexity which has arisen in the public mind, in certain quarters, will be avoided by our readers if they will bear in mind the simple and fundamental distinction between territory *belonging* to the United States and territory *constituting* a part of the United States; or, to state it differently, between *subjects* of the United States and *citizens* of the United States. The Supreme Court holds, and now reaffirms, these three principles:

1. Territory acquired by conquest or treaty ceases, so soon as the title passes, to be that of a foreign country; therefore the tariff, which applies in its terms only to foreign countries, ceases to apply to such territory.

2. Such territory is not a part of the United States; therefore the clause of the Constitution that all duties, etc., shall be uniform throughout the United States does not apply to such territory.

3. Hence Congress has constitutional power to frame a new tariff on all goods passing between the United States and such domestic territory.

In the first of the two cases, Emil J. Pepke, a soldier, returning from the Philippines after the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain, brought with him from Luzon fourteen diamond rings, which he had there purchased. They were taken from him by a customs officer because he had paid no duty on them. The question before the Court was then, "Were these rings, acquired by this soldier after the ratification of the treaty was proclaimed, when brought by him from Luzon to California, on his return with his regiment to be discharged, imported from a foreign country?" The Supreme Court answers this question in the negative. "The Philippines ceased, in the language of the treaty, 'to be Spanish.' Ceasing to be Spanish, they ceased to be a foreign country. They came under the complete and absolute sovereignty and dominion of the United States." The allegiance of the inhabitants "became due to the United States and they became entitled to its protection." It is true that the Senate of the United States passed a resolution declaring that "by the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain it is not intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands into citizenship of the United States, nor is it intended to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States." But such a resolution "is absolutely without legal significance on the question before us. The meaning of the treaty cannot be controlled by subsequent explanations of some of those who may have voted to ratify it." So says the Chief Justice. To the same effect Justice Brown: "The treaty must contain the whole contract between the parties, and the power of the Senate is limited to a ratification of such terms as have already been agreed upon between the President, acting for the United States, and the Commissioners of the other contracting power." "It could

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not . . . ratify the treaty and then adopt a resolution" modifying it. "Such resolution would be inoperative as an amendment to the treaty, since it had not received the assent of the President or the Spanish Commissioners." And "it cannot be treated as a legislative act," since "it never received the assent of the House of Representatives or the signature of the President." The Philippines, therefore, ceased to be foreign territory after the treaty of peace was signed; and when they ceased to be foreign territory, the tariff, which by its terms is applicable only to foreign territory, ceased to apply.

It would seem to follow from this reasoning that the war, so called, in the Philippines is war only in the sense in which military proceedings against Indians in insurrection are war. This conclusion the Chief Justice accepts and affirms with great clearness. He says that Spain possessed the legal title to the Philippines and was legally responsible for their government; the United States by the treaty took her title and assumed her responsibilities. "We do not understand," says the Chief Justice, "that it is claimed that in carrying on the pending hostilities the Government is seeking to subjugate the people of a foreign country, but, on the contrary, that it is preserving order and suppressing insurrection in territory of the United States." Whatever our readers may think of this as a political sentiment or even as an ethical principle—and we accept it in both aspects—it is now Constitutional law.

In the other case, under the Foraker Act a duty of fifteen per cent. was levied on certain goods imported into Porto Rico from New York. It was paid under protest at the port of San Juan, Porto Rico, and suit was brought to recover it from the United States, on the ground that the Foraker Act was in violation of two clauses of the Constitution—the one providing that all duties, etc., shall be uniform throughout the United States, the other providing that "no tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State." The Supreme Court had in a previous case, heretofore reported in our columns, decided that Porto Rico, though territory belonging to the United States, was not a part of the United States, so that the first clause does not apply; it now decides that goods sent to Porto Rico from the United States are not properly "exports," so that the second clause does not apply. The word export, it holds, is legally "applied only to goods exported to a foreign country. If, then, Porto Rico be no longer a foreign country, . . . we find it impossible to say that goods carried from New York to Porto Rico can be considered as 'exported' from New York within the meaning of that clause of the Constitution. If they are neither exports nor imports, they are still liable to be taxed by Congress under the ample and comprehensive authority conferred by the Constitution 'to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises.'" Thus, as the first case involves the broad principle that the Philippines are not foreign territory, and that the United States is not waging a war of subjugation against a foreign people, but is simply suppressing an insurrection within its own territory, the second case decides that Porto Rico (and, by a parity of reasoning, the Philippines) is not a part of the United States, but is within the sovereignty and subject to the legislative authority of the United States, and that Congress has full power to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises within these territories." In other words, the inhabitants of such territory as is acquired by the United States, but is not, by act of Congress, incorporated in the United States, are *subjects* but not *citizens* of the United States; they are entitled—this may be assumed—to all the natural rights which the Constitution simply recognizes as universal rights of men, but not to those special privileges which the Constitution by its provisions creates, and, creating, confers upon those communities which are organically incorporated in the Union and constitute the Nation.

It so happens that these decisions of the Supreme Court are in accordance with the view of the Constitution which The Outlook has maintained ever since the treaty of peace with Spain. We have maintained that the United States was not carrying on a war of subjugation over a foreign people; we have maintained that by the treaty Porto Rico and the Philippines became domestic territory;

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that they did not become part of the United States; that the United States did become responsible for their government; and that Congress had a free hand in exercising that responsibility, limited in its power only by those general principles of justice and honor which lie at the basis of our government and of all Anglo-Saxon civilization. Thus we gladly welcome these decisions; while doubtless some of our readers receive them with great regret. But neither our gratification nor their regret is a matter of any important concern. Whatever any private citizen may think of these decisions, they now constitute the law of the land. For the interpretations of the Constitution given by the Supreme Court of the United States become, as soon as they are rendered, a part of the Constitution. Under the Constitution, as it now exists, Congress directly, and all the people of the United States indirectly, possess the political authority to govern the newly acquired territories, and in such governing to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises," in their discretion. How will this discretion be exercised?

Until these decisions were rendered, the duties prescribed by the Dingley tariff, which was framed in order to protect American industries against foreign competition, have been levied on all goods imported from the Philippines, and special duties prescribed by the Philippine Commission and approved by the President have been levied on all goods imported into the Philippines. The Supreme Court has already, in a previous case, sustained the authority of the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, to organize temporarily such a system of taxation during the military occupancy of a country. The present decision of the Supreme Court leaves unaffected the tariff levied in the Philippines on goods imported into the Philippines, whether from the United States or any other country. But it sweeps away the tariff levied on goods imported into the United States from the Philippines, because such a tariff applies in terms only to foreign countries, and the Philippines are not a foreign country. It is now reported in the daily papers that it is proposed to adopt and push through Congress a joint resolution applying the Dingley tariff to the Philippines for the present and until Congress can frame a better. We hope that this report is unfounded; we are certain that such action would be a grievous mistake, because it would be a great wrong.

If we are to govern the Philippines, we must govern them for their benefit, not for ours; if we are to tax them, we must arrange the tax for their benefit, not for ours. That all just governments exist for the benefit of the governed is the axiom of political economy and of political morality. For a great, rich, strong nation like the United States to use the power of taxation which it possesses to protect its industries against the competition of a feeble, unorganized, inchoate community like that of the Philippines would be grotesque were it not terribly grim. To do this for a day would be to have a day of injustice. But the establishment of such a system by joint resolution would not be for a day. It is generally easier to destroy than to construct; in this case it would be easier to construct than to destroy. Let Congress once put up the Dingley fence between the Philippines and the United States, and a score of influential interests would combine to prevent Congress from taking it down. Even if a temporary free trade temporarily diminishes the income of the Philippines, the evil will be less than that which would be inflicted by the deliberate construction of a tariff to protect Americans from their wards. The whole moral sentiment of the Nation should unite against any such policy. The conscience of the Nation should demand of Congress that whatever tariff is levied on goods imported into the United States from the Philippines should be levied in the interests of the Filipinos, and if either community is to be protected from the other, the weak should be protected from the strong—that is, the Filipinos from the Americans. If the necessity for revenue for the Philippines requires immediate action, let Congress levy duties, framed for revenue only, on a few imports from the Philippines, selecting those on which we can best afford to pay the duty; then let it refer the question of the taxation of the Filipinos to the Philippine Commission to consider and report; and when Congress acts on that report, let it ask one question and one only: What tariff

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system will do the most to stimulate Filipino industry and so encourage Filipino thrift, bind the Filipinos by ties of gratitude to us, and develop their present prosperity and their ultimate character?

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The Charleston Fair

Unusual interest attaches to the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition, which was opened with appropriate ceremonies on Monday of last week. It is, to begin with, a comparatively small Exposition, although the buildings are numerous and spacious. Unlike the Pan-American, however, it aims to illustrate the development and the characteristic productions, not of a hemisphere, but of a territory relatively small in extent and harmonious in productiveness. In all Expositions the commercial side is prominent, and ought to be; nothing better serves, not only the purposes of trade and the material interests of the world, but that fuller acquaintance of section with section and country with country which is so essential to the well-being of society, than these large and complete exhibitions of the industry, the practical genius, and the art of different countries and sections. All the World's Fairs have marked so many steps towards that better acquaintance which is one of the highways to peace. The commercial side of the Charleston Fair was suggested, without being described, by Mr. Depew in his opening address. Situated in one of the capitals of the Old South, the Exposition strikingly illustrates the immense development of that South of the last thirty-five years which is sometimes called the New South, not as indicating any separation from the characteristic qualities of the older South or any radical departure from its ideals, but as a modern development of Southern energy and a modern application of Southern ideas to material interests and material progress.

The Southern States in 1866 were facing a series of disasters and calamities unparalleled in modern times. Their wealth was destroyed, their working capital lost, their farms devastated, their cities and villages in ruins, and they were without manufactures or industries. The problem of adjusting to their political, social, and economic conditions a suddenly emancipated slave population of nearly equal numbers, which had been granted every civil right, including suffrage, demanded immediate attention. The unconquerable and invincible grit and pluck of the American were never more splendidly illustrated. Orderly government has been established, education fostered, agriculture revived, railroads constructed, mines opened, new industries builded, and the riches and resources of the land brought out. The farm wealth has grown from a nominal to a real value of three thousand millions of dollars. In the place of no manufacturing industries a thousand millions of dollars have built and equipped mills, factories, and furnaces, whose annual output is one thousand five hundred millions, and rapidly increasing. The new South, regenerated and disenthralled, contributed in 1900 to the wealth and prosperity of our country 2,500,000,000 tons of iron, 40,000,000 tons of coal, 736,000,000 bushels of grain, and 11,274,000 bales of cotton. The gold and silver and precious stones, whose quest brought Columbus across the ocean and inspired the adventures of De Leon and De Soto, became the commonplaces of commerce compared with the present reality and future possibilities of this annual fruitage of a territory blessed with exhaustless treasures in fields, mines, and water-power, which are owned and controlled by people who have displayed the genius and energy, the initiative and wise working, which have produced these marvelous results.

A more definite statement of the purpose of the Exposition was made by F. W. Wagener, President of the Exposition Company, in his telegraphic greeting to President Roosevelt: "The purpose of this Exposition is to illustrate the marvelous industrial and commercial development of the Southern States in the last quarter of a century, and to contribute to the expansion of American commerce in other lands and among the islands of the Southern seas." President Roosevelt answered: "I hope it may prove of great and lasting benefit to our industries and to our commerce with the West Indies." The Exposition marks, therefore, not only the larger and freer industrial life of the South, but the more intimate relation of the whole country with the West Indies, and the broadening lines of American relationship and commerce with the whole world.

It was pre-eminently appropriate that Charleston should be selected as the home of the Exposition. The city is a natural center for the West Indian trade. It has not only one of the most beautiful harbors in the country, but improvements have made it one of the best. The Exposition covers about one hundred and

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sixty acres, divided into two spaces, and connected by a piece of land on which stands the Administration Building. An old colonial mansion, the home of the Lowndeses before the Revolution, has been loaned to the Exposition for its use, and will be occupied as the Woman's Building. It is very finely situated in a grove of live-oaks remarkable for their size and beauty. The general type of building is that with which the country was made familiar at Buffalo—the Spanish type, modified by the new conditions and climate of the Spanish-speaking countries in the Western world. Two features of the Fair will be especially attractive to visitors; one is the Governmental exhibit, which was presented at Buffalo with such intelligence and in such an attractive way that it secured and held the attention of every one who gave the Fair more than a passing glance. This Exposition has a National value, because in a concrete fashion it illustrates the various functions of the Government, the racial background of the Nation, and the stages of life and activity on this continent with great vividness and completeness. It was a happy thought on the part of the Exposition to secure the Dewey Arch, and that striking piece of monumental art has been set up on the grounds of the Exposition.

The Exposition will serve its best purpose, however, if it attracts to Charleston that great mass of people in the Northern and Western States who have never seen the quaint and attractive old city, and who have not come in personal contact with its delightful people. It is one of the historical centers of American life, one of its characteristic communities; a city which will always stand by itself because in its history and spirit it has developed a marked individuality. Like some other smaller cities, it impresses the imagination far more powerfully than most of the great metropolises of the world. Its foundations were laid by as fine a group of men and women as any which came from the Old World to the New. The French Huguenot brought with him an enthusiasm for religion, a sincerity of purpose, a passion of conviction, quite as notable as his brother colonists brought to New England, with the grace of manner and refinement of life which were, in a peculiar sense, the possession of the France of the seventeenth century. This tradition of social grace and dignity of life has been preserved intact to the present time. Never indifferent to commercial success, and rarely without commercial importance, Charleston has always kept her ideals distinct from her business, and has treated life as if commerce were its tributary and not its highest activity. To our great and tumultuous civilization she has contributed a note of idealism which has been of high importance. Sometimes mistaken in fundamental matters, she has espoused every cause with passionate ardor, and has poured herself out with lavish generosity for the principles in which she believes. Such a community may make serious political blunders; it may not always read the signs of the time aright; but it can never be otherwise than interesting.

Charleston ought to be a focal point of National interest during the coming months, and the Fair ought to advance materially, not only the specific interests which it represents, but that mutual acquaintance between the different sections which has ripened so rapidly of late years, and which is so essential to the development of what is best in the American people and to the large and noble settlement of the problems of the future.

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Advancing Wages and Prices

A few years ago the question was hotly debated whether wages would advance as rapidly as prices in case the supply of currency were increased. Since 1897 the supply of currency has been increased until the amount of money in the country is nearly one-third greater than it was four years ago. A few weeks ago the Department of Agriculture issued a report which seemed to prove that wages had advanced more rapidly than prices. It covered the periodical inquiry into farm wages which the Department has been making every few years since 1866, and showed that in 1899 farm laborers were getting higher wages in gold than they had received since the panic of 1873. The advance between 1895 and 1899 had been from $17.69 a month to $20.23, or 14 per cent.

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As prices—even wholesale prices—had advanced less than this amount by 1899, it was clear that farm laborers had been making decided gains—and gains for them mean corresponding gains for all workmen in the rural districts which contain the greater part of our population. Since 1899, however, prices have been advancing with great rapidity. "Dun's Review" has just published a comparison of the aggregate prices of certain fixed quantities of 350 staple commodities on the first of November and the date four years ago when prices were at the very lowest:

	Dec. 1, 1901.	Ju'y 1, 1897.
Breadstuffs	$19,528	$10,587
Meats	9,259	7,529
Dairy and garden	15,675	8,714
Other food	9,081	7,887
Clothing	15,331	13,808
Metals	15,722	11,642
Miscellaneous	16,782	12,288
Total	$101,378	$72,455

Put in figures corresponding to the ordinary family's income, this means that $1,013 will buy no more than $724 would buy four years ago. Wages have not advanced as much as this. We have no returns for farm wages this fall, but those paid to unskilled workmen in the building trades (the next best index) are only about 15 or 20 per cent. higher than in 1897. As the advance in prices shown by "Dun's Review" is 39 per cent., one of our most thoughtful contemporaries—the Springfield "Republican"—infers that the steadily employed workman is worse off now than four years ago, and that the greater contentment of the working classes is due to the fact that relatively few of them are now suffering from the lack of work, or even the fear of it. While the greater steadiness of employment is probably the chief gain of the working classes from the revival of industry, we are inclined to think that it is not the only gain. Several years ago, during the hard times, Professor Simon Newcomb called the attention of the Political Economy Club to the fact that retail prices had not fallen so much as wholesale prices—merchants, etc., preferring to sell fewer goods rather than set in to reduce customary charges. During the recent period of good times we have seen the counterpart of this truth. Retail prices have advanced remarkably little compared with wholesale prices. A single family of our acquaintance, which keeps a scheduled account of its expenses, reports that meat has advanced less than ten per cent.; that milk is the same as four years ago; that bread is the same and flour a little cheaper; that shoes and clothing cost a mere trifle more; that railroad expenses and street-car fares are exactly the same; that rent has hardly varied, and that fuel has advanced exactly ten per cent. There has been a larger advance upon some smaller items—potatoes, oil, glass, hardware etc.—but ten per cent. overstates the general increase in household expenses. Inasmuch as meat, milk, bread, shoes, car-fares, fuel, and rent constitute the bulk of the expenditures of workingmen's families, we are bound to believe that they have, as a rule, not only gained from the increased steadiness of employment, but from an increase in wages materially exceeding the increase in the cost of living.

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The Homeless

One of the most carefully written stories of the present season is a study of a group of young men and women whom the novelist regards as representative types of the later development of American character. These people are all cultivated; they are all clever; they are all intensely alert; but among them there is not one happy marriage, and every marriage is childless. What one feels is a veneer of hard cultivation without depth, richness, or beauty of character, or nobility of life; and if one looks a little deeper, there appear rejections of the best, denials of the deepest instincts, and a fundamental barrenness. Cultivated sterility describes the group of people drawn with a firm and discriminating hand in this story. Such men and women are not to be accepted as representative of the best or of the most exclusive type of Americans; but they do stand for a great host of Americans who, in grasping at the superficialities of life, are missing the things which lie in its heart. No freedom of action or opportunities for travel can for a moment take the place in the life of any man or woman of the great, rich, divine relationships of husband and wife and of parent and child;

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and there can be no real home which does not create its own atmosphere and possess its own individuality.

No wiser book, nor one more sorely needed, has appeared for a long time than the volume of "Home Thoughts" by C., which bears the imprint of Messrs. A. C. Barnes & Co., and the chapters of which appeared originally in the columns of the New York "Evening Post." These pages contain the observation of a woman who has grown wise in the wisdom of life; they are full of delicate moral and social discernment; they reveal that quality of mind and training which gives a woman the right to speak concerning the things of the home life; and they are touched with the charm of style. One of the most pathetic chapters in the book discusses the homelessness of some married women—the women who live in hotels and boarding-houses, who have no duties and few opportunities of helping their husbands; who shop and visit, go to clubs or lectures, but are never developed by any real contact with the affairs of life, and whose power is untouched by the ordinary demands of the home on the woman:

> I know no sadder words than homeless and childless! There is a mournful inflection in their very sounds, and yet these prettily dressed, eager, restless young women are both these sorrowful things. If God has denied them the crown of motherhood, it would be better to take some motherless baby to their hearts than to live all their lives without the guiding hand of a little child in theirs, and the clasp of little loving arms about their necks. I say guiding, with very sincere faith that there is no such attraction towards a noble life as the dependence and love of childhood, nor any such rebuke as the surprise or fear in a child's innocent eyes.

There are many women to whom the education, the responsibilities, and the resources of a home are denied by conditions and circumstances which they cannot control. It is not to such as these that the warnings of "Home Thoughts" are directed; it is to those who voluntarily choose the superficial instead of the profound, the life of wide and dissipating interest rather than of concentrated growth. Nothing beautiful can ever come out of the life of the man or woman who, in a mood of selfishness and out of desire for the freedom of irresponsibility, rejects the common duties, denies the claims of the common responsibilities, and chooses a hard, bare, unfruitful freedom instead of submission to the deep, rich, and fruitful training of obedience to the great laws of life expressed in the great human relation. Under normal conditions men and women ought to stand together in homes; and those homes ought to be places of privacy, of mutual interest, of the most intimate fellowship, of habitual self-denial, of the tenderest affections, and of the divinest hopes. Where the home is not, these delicate and beautiful growths are blighted and destroyed; they are impossible in the outer world; they need the shelter of domesticity. Nothing can take their place. All purely intellectual acquirements are insignificant compared with the wealth of life which comes to the men and women who, in purity, in devotion, and in loyalty, combine the resources of the moral, the intellectual, and the spiritual life in the forming of new centers for the diffusion of that divine influence which has its source in the home.

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The Spectator

"Every ounce of educational power efficiently applied, at the right moment, on the most receptive material." This was the conviction which flashed into the Spectator's mind when, not long ago, he visited Berea College for the first time. Colleges represent a vast range of accumulation, efficiency, and opportunity. Some colleges impress the imagination by reason of their traditions and their surroundings; they belong to a ripe past; they have been mellowed by the touch of time; memory has gathered about them as richly as the ivy has crept up the walls. Some colleges are impressive by reason of the capitalized scholarship which they represent. Last summer, when the Spectator was rowed over the marvelous half-mile of the Cam at the backs of the colleges, it seemed to him, as it has seemed before, as if no equal distance in Europe was so rich in the things which suggest the beauty and ripeness of an ancient civilization. Queens', King's, Clare, Trinity, St. John's, united by beautiful arching bridges with the shaded meadows across the stream, stand for the accumulated capital of knowledge and for the richest and the most impressive

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intellectual traditions. At every turn great names are in the air; in every quadrangle one is reminded of the noblest names in English literature, religion, and thought. These ancient colleges have everything which can invest a seat of learning with dignity, influence, and romance. One could dream forever along the banks of the Cam, as one could dream forever in the Gardens of Oxford.

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At the other end of the long line of educational service stands Berea—a new college compared with the venerable institutions which line the Cam; a poor college when one thinks of the endowments of Harvard, of Yale, and of Chicago; a college remote from the great centers when one recalls the Sorbonne, Berlin, and Columbia; but a college with its face to the future, dealing at first hand with the "stuff of life" in a body of young men and young women of pure English blood, whose ancestors have been cut off from the world for nearly two centuries, and who now emerge with the racial qualities of the English-speaking people, but untutored and undeveloped. If one looks at the past, he will not find at Berea those elements which charm the imagination at Oxford, at Heidelberg, at Cambridge; but if he looks at the present with reference to the material with which the college deals, and at the future with reference to the influence which the college may exert, he will leave Berea, as the Spectator did, with a holy joy in his heart that there are in America such places of sacrifice, of concentrated efficiency, and of religious enthusiasm. In the older universities there is always a certain weariness; for the weight of knowledge, like the weight of money, makes some men cynical, skeptical, and indifferent. This is the penalty which is always paid for great accumulations. Where such accumulations exist there will be many who will take what they need and refuse to be burdened by that which cannot enrich them; but there will be others who, out of the mere lust of acquisition, with the miser's instinct, will bury themselves under the weight of the learning of other centuries. At Berea no man has time to be cynical or skeptical: the work of the hour is too pressing, the appeal for knowledge is too direct, the opportunity for immediate effectiveness is too evident. Every bit of educational capital in the little Kentucky town is turned over in the shortest possible time.

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Berea is unique in its situation and its possibilities. It lies at the entrance to that great mountain or table land which President Frost has called "Appalachian America," the "back yards of nine States;" a territory which includes about two hundred mountain counties and is much larger than New England; which heretofore has been accessible only on horseback, and which, by reason of its natural formation, has been shut off from rapid or frequent intercourse with the rest of the world. In this secluded America live more than two million men, women, and children whose ancestors have been kept secluded from the rest of the country since the Revolution, and who are now living under practically the same conditions which obtained in that section in colonial times. These people are of pure English blood, the most interesting survivals in our time of an earlier condition of a race from which we are descended. They still have their own household industries; they wear the clothes which they make on their looms; they use the old Saxon words, speaking a much earlier and quainter English than that which is in use in the rest of the country. Barter is carried on in every store; religion is of the most primitive character; political ideas are largely feudal, although the men of that section bore a heroic part in the war for the Union. Primitive log huts, which are often not much better than rude shanties, dot the valleys and mountain-sides of the lonely country, and the children who grow up in those mountain solitudes, which have been so admirably described by Miss Murfree and by John Fox, Jr., bear the stamp of their surroundings. The blood-feud survives; moonshine whisky is still made in great quantities, and the revenue officer is held to be a public enemy. There one finds views of surpassing loveliness, impressive and majestic outlines, one valley merging into another valley, over two hundred miles of territory, and mountain peak crowding

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upon mountain peak to the farthest horizon line.

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It is for the young men and the young women of Appalachian America that Berea College pre-eminently stands. It has other students from the adjacent Northern States, and it has a small group of negro students; but its eight hundred and more undergraduates are drawn largely from the great table-land at the back of the college. They are boys and girls with the ancient instincts of our race in their blood, with moral cleanness, with great personal independence, and with innate energy and intelligence when these qualities are liberated. If the stories of these mountain boys and girls could be collected, they would read like romance. Many of them have seen so little of the world that the first sight of the buildings at Berea appalls by reason of what appears to be their incredible magnitude. More than once students have been turned back by their parents, after great preparation and long journeys on foot or on horseback, because the first sight of a train of moving cars brought such terror that the father was not willing to trust his son into the keeping of such an engine of destruction. Many of these boys are in the habit of walking from one to two hundred miles in order to get to college; and when they arrive they are able to live, under the generous provision which the college makes for them, at rates which seem incredible to a man accustomed to the scale of expenditure in older institutions. Nothing could be more impressive to an open-minded man than the silent appeal made by the youth of two millions of secluded and uneducated Americans, with the characteristic American qualities in their blood, the eagerness with which these opportunities are sought when they are brought within the knowledge of boys and girls, and the self-sacrificing enthusiasm with which a band of teachers are meeting this opportunity and planting the seeds of knowledge and power in this rich and unworked soil. Organized in a free community, and expressing the impulse for reform, receiving again and again the liberating and inspiring touch of Oberlin, Berea College is using its opportunity with breadth and freedom, adapting its educational methods to the immediate needs of the exceptional constituency to which it appeals, and training the eye and the hand in crafts and trades as thoroughly as it trains the mind. It is, in a very real sense, an educational community, where the older traditions inspire fresher and more practical methods, and the endeavor is made, not to illustrate a system of education, but to help men and women, through broadly diversified training, to help themselves.

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Although Berea is one of the youngest of colleges, and one of the poorest in point of endowment, it does not content itself with working upon students under its own roof; its influence is abroad in the mountains. The impetus of the Berea spirit has brought about an adaptation of university extension methods to the conditions of the mountain people; and many of the remotest hamlets in Appalachian America have been stirred by the work of the college men, bent in the simplest and most human way upon sharing with these neglected kinsmen the intellectual and moral life of the world. Popular lectures, talks on history, addresses on schools, special meetings for farmers, for housewives, for teachers, practical talks on family feuds, the use of small circulating libraries—all these methods are being employed to carry Berea throughout the whole district. More than this, Berea is represented in the schools of the State by hundreds of teachers, and it is becoming a definite influence for better methods and a new spirit in sections where education was formerly not only meager but elementary. Thus this young college, with its small endowment of money but its vital force of conviction and its group of enthusiastic teachers, is not only bringing the mountain people to its doors, but is invading the mountains and penetrating them with the best thought, the best knowledge, and the best methods of modern times. At the head of this noble young college is a man of tireless energy and inspiring personality who is pouring his life out in heroic efforts to establish it on solid foundations and equip it for its unique work. He has already accomplished much, but his task is still far too heavy. An addi-

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tional endowment of five hundred thousand dollars would give Dr. Frost what the country owes as a very inadequate recognition of a noble public service. In the abundance of these golden years there must be men and women who are waiting for this opportunity to serve their kind for all time to come.

The Pan-American Congress and Mexican Hospitality[1]

By Thomas R. Dawley, Jr.

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in Cuba and South America.

IF some of the old Spanish hidalgos could return to earth and look into what was once the viceroy's palace which flanks the great Mexican plaza, they would certainly be amazed at the changes wrought therein for the convenience and comfort of the Pan-American Congress. Nor need we go back to the hidalgos of the days of the king; for who, even thirty years ago, would have dreamed that poor, dilapidated Mexico, seamed with the innumerable scars of strife, could have found the means, after so short an interval of peace as has intervened, to transform the interior cold stone walls of the old palace into a veritable gallery of warmth, luxury, and art? Nothing appears to have been forgotten. You climb the same old stone steps which have been climbed, years gone by, by soldiers, priests, and courtiers, to enter rooms carpeted with rich material and tapestried in green, red, and amber silks, embroidered and hand-painted in gold with the eagle on the cactus-bush and the snake in its talons.

As the great mahogany doors, heavily ornamented with brass, separating the hall of sessions from the reception-room are thrown open, the eye rests upon a gilt shield inscribed with the words "Pax, Lex," bearing a trophy of all the American flags at the far end of the room. The presiding officer's seat is immediately in front on a raised platform, with a mahogany-railed rostrum on each side. Small desks of polished mahogany are arranged along the hall for each of the delegates, with the names of the respective countries inscribed on silver plates, and on each desk is a Russia leather portfolio with the monogram of the delegate, also in silver. A scarlet carpet adds to the general tone of richness of this room, the tapestries of which are green, with embroidered eagles in gold.

When the visitor has tired seeing the rooms, he may be escorted through the vestibule with its marble floor in mosaic, and drab walls enlivened with a double row of shields in vivid colors representing the coat of arms of all the American countries and the States of Mexico, down the broad staircase to the sumptuous buffet, where is found an exquisite lunch for which no charge is made, even the giving of tips being prohibited.

It is said that the decorating and furnishing of these rooms cost the Mexican Government $200,000, without counting the expense of maintaining them. But the Government has not been content to stop here in its hospitable entertainment of its distinguished guests. Their gathering at the capital was followed by an almost continual round of invitations to theaters, banquets, operas, and excursions, and then followed an excursion to the States of Puebla and Vera Cruz, to show the nations represented by the Congress that Mexico's few years of peace have not only healed the wounds of her many wars and revolutions, but have brought her riches through the development of her soil and industries, and advancement in the arts and sciences.

Through the courtesy of Señor Don Joaquin D. Casasus, Mexican delegate and Secretary of the Congress, it was my good fortune to be included in the list of invitations extended to the delegates, their families and secretaries, for this latter excursion.

A special train was provided for the excursionists. The ride began past brown

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adobe huts and over long plains planted with the wonderful maguey plant, from which the national drink pulque is extracted. At the station of Apam, the center of the pulque district, the train was surrounded by dark women, wrapped in their blue shawls, holding up little pots of pulque and dishes containing eggs, sausages, and *enchillados*—a sort of Indian pie, made by rolling a tortilla around various ingredients, the most pronounced of which, when you attempt to taste them, is red pepper, and very hot. Many of the delegates tried the pulque, but, as pulque is an acquired taste, few of them expressed a desire to repeat the experiment.

It was quite dark on the station platform, and as I was waiting a man accosted me in good English, offering me a lottery ticket. Turning him around to the light, I saw that he was unmistakably a Mexican.

"You speak very good English," said I, with surprise; "where did you learn?"

"Right here in Mexico," said he. "I have never been away. I am a teacher of English, paid by the Government twenty-five dollars a month to teach in the school at Santa Ana, the next station. They pay my fare there and back every day, and nights and mornings I sell newspapers and lottery tickets here."

A little past eight o'clock our train drew up at the Puebla station—the City of the Angels, as it was named by the Catholic fathers who founded it. A brass band and double file of soldiers were drawn up on the platform, and gentlemen in frock-coats and silk hats bobbed back and forth in front of them. There was some little hesitation on the part of our party as to who should alight first in front of this formidable display, and the band, too, hesitated in doubt, as though some mistake had been made and ours was the wrong train. But presently a tall young German seized hold of Mr. Davis, of the "Sun," and myself, as we were cautiously alighting, and in broken English invited us to accompany him. He escorted us past the soldiers, and the band struck up. A crowd of men beneath pagoda-like hats, and women shawl-wrapped, formed a lane at a right angle with the soldiers, through which we went to the opposite side of the station, where, beneath the glare of carbon lights, we were shown to a carriage, before which great spirited horses, richly caparisoned, pranced impatiently. It then occurred to me that we were only poor journalists, and I told the young German that he should get the Ministers, delegates, and their families first. As he hurried back to do so, the rest of our party came crowding down the line.

Carriage after carriage followed one another as they were filled and drove away. They were all private rigs, generously loaned by their owners for the occasion, and, when we had been landed from them at the hotels assigned for our accommodation, there were many expressions of suppressed joy, after the experience of bouncing over the peculiarly constructed streets of a Mexican town in an elegant carriage, without having been bounced out.

After dinner we proceeded to the plaza, which was very prettily illuminated with colored lights. In the center of a miniature forest bounded by the walks nestled a kiosk, in which three bands played in unison most charming music. At the entrance to the walks policemen stood with their clubs raised, that no plebeian might pass upon the walk. Outside the people crowded, however, the men wrapped in the red blankets beneath their big hats, and the women in their blue shawls, staring stolidly at the privileged ones chatting as they walked to and fro.

The following day the delegates were received in the hall of the State College by General Murio P. Martinez, Governor of the State, who made a brief speech of welcome, after which he shook hands with each of us as we were presented by the Mexican delegate Sanchez Marmol, a lively old gentleman who resembles a priest more than a lawyer, owing perhaps to his very bald head and smooth-shaven face. The Governor is a very intelligent-looking man, who distinguished himself in the Battle of the Fifth of May, fought on the hillside just outside of Puebla, in which the French were defeated in their attempt to take the city.

After the reception we were escorted through the various halls of the College, which was once a Jesuit monastery. These are now converted into laboratories and places for study, the whole

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having been confiscated many years ago by the Government. There is a museum of natural history, in which we found many objects of interest, such as a stuffed dog of the almost extinct Chihuahua breed, a very large snake of the boa family, resembling the majá of Cuba, and a collection of native woods. An observatory has been fixed up, utilizing one of the domes of the old monastery halls by building steps to the top of it and putting a railing around. From this point of advantage we were able to view the city of Puebla, with its domes and spires of two hundred churches, and the great volcanoes lying beyond. Old Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl were the special objects of interest as we gazed up at their snow-clad peaks and endeavored to pronounce their very outlandish names, which we finally succeeded in perfecting. Off to our right rose Malinche, rugged, brown, and barren, and between it and another brown and barren mountain rose the white cap of Orizaba, a perfect cone.

The sky was blue, a clear blue, and the atmosphere delightful; and as we commented upon it, we were assured that it was the same all the year around—a land of eternal summer. Down in the old monks' garden orange-trees were growing profusely, with rose-bushes and lilies and other sweetly perfumed flowers; yet we are told that Mexico is a country in which the flowers are without perfume.

Returning to the hotel, several of the American ladies and gentlemen gathered in the dining-room, where they exchanged experiences and impressions. One gentleman declared that his wife had been awakened during the night by the ringing of the church-bells, which are rung at all hours in these countries, and, thinking the city was on fire, jumped out of bed and came very near causing a panic.

Promptly at three o'clock the reception committee was on hand to escort us to the various public institutions which were announced on the programme. It was the good fortune of Mr. Davis and myself to have for our guide the son of the Governor, a tall, dignified young Mexican of fair complexion, more of a Saxon type than Latin. Private carriages were again put at our disposal, among them the Governor's own turnout.

The greater part of the afternoon was subsequently taken up in a visit to an exhibition of native industries in a large building prepared for the purpose, which surprised most of the visitors by the evident strides made by Mexico in her manufactures, especially in the State of Puebla. There were exhibited fine cloths, saddles of most exquisite workmanship, hats, leather goods, great blocks of beautiful onyx mined in the State, and novelties therefrom, wagons and carriages made of native woods, brass bedsteads, cigars, cigarettes, and even native-brewed beer, which was drawn from a huge barrel for the visitors, and pronounced by them to be better even than our famous Milwaukee. A box of cigars and a package of cigarettes were given to each of us as a souvenir.

A visit to the penitentiary came next. The building is inclosed with castellated walls, which at once strike the visitor with an atmosphere of freshness. As the iron-barred door admitting us was thrown open, we were met by Señor Quiros, the director, a well-built, dignified man, who at once proceeded to show us through the institution, which he was evidently very proud of, and had good reason to be. As we proceeded, a band in the patio, made up of prisoners in clean white-and-blue striped cotton uniforms, played delightful music, every man apparently putting his soul into his instrument, while their leader, also a prisoner, beat the time.

We were all greatly impressed with the good discipline displayed by the prisoners as we passed through the various workshops where they are kept busy a great part of the time, some at looms weaving cloth, others making furniture, and others making shoes. The wardens went among them apparently unarmed, and there was not a face noticeable among them which did not bespeak neatness, good order, and contentment; and in proof that the men left the prison completely reformed Señor Quiros cited the fact that in his two and a half years as director of the prison some 2,500 inmates had completed their terms, and not one of them had subsequently been implicated in any crime and returned to the prison.

A banquet was given in the evening at the Municipal Palace, a building scarcely completed, of which Mr. Hall, of London,

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is the architect. The menu was prepared by a French chef, and was the first of three contracted for by the State of Puebla at a cost of $6,000. At the close of the banquet the Governor rose and delivered a short, pointed address upon the progress the country had made during its twenty-five years of peace, and the bond of sympathy which was being brought about between all the American nations by the gathering of the Congress. The Chilian delegate, Señor Walker Martinez, then rose and delivered a short address, the text-word of which was fraternity. He was followed by Mr. Volney W. Foster, who compared the regeneration of Mexico to the sides of her great volcanoes which were seamed and scarred by the burning lava which had poured down them in times past, but were now covered with fertile soil and bursting forth in bountiful productiveness.

On our return railway trip we saw the celebrated pyramid of Cholula, on the top of which the ancient priests cut out the palpitating heart of their victim with the obsidian blade, and held it bleeding up to the sun as an offering to their gods, after which the writhing body of their fellow-man was kicked down the steep steps to the plain below, where, if we are to believe the Spanish chroniclers, it was seized and feasted upon. Now a Spanish church crowns the height where these fearful scenes took place, and the Indians, once the proud owners of the land, are the toilers in the fields.

Our train stopped beneath the pyramid, and the ancient holy city spread before us, reconstructed, of course, out of the ruins of the old. We were greeted by the townsfolk, who crowded all along the line of railroad track with flowers and flags and music. Great bouquets of beautiful flowers were handed up to the excursionists, and before I knew it a handsome bouquet was thrust into my hand by a smiling old Indian woman. There were many bands, all striving to make themselves heard above the din they created, among them three Indians playing away on two wind instruments and a drum which was called a *chirimolla*.

As our train sped on we were greeted by more bands all along the route, noticeably at one little station where half a dozen Indians stood all alone blowing on their instruments as seriously as though their very lives depended upon it.

At the curious old town of Atlixco we stopped again just in front of an ornamented gateway which many of us took to be the entrance to a walled city, but we were informed that it was only the old cemetery wall, the cemetery having been removed to make room for the railroad. Bands were playing here in such profusion —all the same tune, but out of unison— that we could hardly hear one another talk.

From Atlixco the road twined around and upwards, beneath arches constructed of fruits, flowers, and leaves, the most striking ornamentation of which were shields and rosettes made of a part of the maguey plant which is white, and which glistened in the sunlight like shells of pearl. The pyramid of Atlixco remained always in sight, and when the train finally stopped on a shelf-like esplanade, before the cotton-mills of Metepec, we looked across the plain with the pyramid rising in the distance, with long ranges of mountains beyond.

Seeing the cotton-mill reminded me very much of the Haitian who took the American stumbling through his town to show him the most wonderful sight he could conceive of, which proved to be a newly erected American windmill. There was so much to see in the charming land that the most of us really regretted the loss of time which we were required to put in at the mill. The mill was only just completed and had not yet been started up. It contained nine hundred looms of English manufacture, and is expected to employ a thousand hands. The empty warehouse had been fitted up as a banquet hall with flags and shields on the walls, and long tables decorated with vines and flowers on the snow-white linen. The same chef, with his staff of white-capped, white-aproned cooks, who had prepared the menu of the night previous, was on hand, and the second of the six-thousand-dollar banquets contracted for by the State of Puebla was served.

On our return we had an hour to visit Atlixco, and what a din of brass horns, trombones, and bells as we alighted from the train and worked our way through the gate and up the narrow street to the plaza!

Mr. Volney W. Foster, of Chicago, as

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soon as the noise subsided, stopped in the midst of a crowd of Indians and delivered a speech, in which he compared their own beautiful climate with the frigid cold of our winters, and told them how thankful they should be to be able to go about in their bare feet, while we are obliged to confine ours within the narrow confines of shoe-leather. The poor chaps were unable to understand a word he said, but they showed their appreciation by cheering lustily, to the great consternation of a Latin-Mexican, who came running to me with horror depicted on his face, saying that poor Mr. Foster was surrounded by a mob of Indians who were having fun at his expense. He could not understand that Mr. Foster was having just as much fun as the Indians.

It was dark when we again passed Cholula, but fireworks were announced and we had to stop to see them. The train stopped, on our return from Cholula, in front of a street running to the plaza, and while the many bands sent up their clamoring tunes, all the same, with the exception of the military band which endeavored to play its repertoire in a corner by itself, the fireworks went off—a succession of colored fires, rockets, dragons, illuminated castles, pinwheels, Roman candles, and I know not what all.

Of course we were tired when we reached Puebla and were again put in the private carriages of our hosts and sent to our hotels, but everybody was happy and felt grateful to the good people of Puebla who were doing so much to contribute to the enjoyment of the representatives of the nineteen American nations who had come so far to deliberate upon the mutual welfare of the countries represented.

Our third day was spent in Puebla, our party breaking up into groups, each going sightseeing whither their own sweet will took them. One delegate strolled off by himself, getting as far as Cholula, and returned with a basket of idols. Others visited the cathedral, a temple really worth a visit, the interior decorations of which rival perhaps any in the world. There were many old churches worth a visit, some of which we saw, particularly the Church of San Francisco, with its crooked belfry and the marks of the French shells which hit it during Mexico's famous Battle of the Fifth of May.

The third banquet, which we were to have partaken of at the Governor's sugar-cane plantation, was cut out owing to the abandoning of the proposed excursion to the plantation. The day concluded with the opera "La Tosca," which we were all invited to attend; and so ended our hospitable reception at Puebla, the following morning seeing us all on board a train made up of Pullman cars on our way across the dry, parched-looking plains to Orizaba.

Minnesota and the Railway Trust

By William D. Washburn, Jr.

Member of the Minnesota Legislature from the Forty-first District

THE people of Minnesota stand as a unit against the principle and practice of the Railway Trust. Speaking specifically, Minnesota is flatly opposed to the consolidation of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railways under the guise of "The Northern Securities Company."

The space of this article is too limited to discuss in detail the manifold directions in which this Railway Trust infringes on the commercial, social, and political life of the ten millions of people and the seven commonwealths which lie between the waters of Lake Superior and the Pacific. Treating the matter on broad general principles, Minnesota is against the Railway Trust—

Because it is against the law.

Because the people believe it to be an economic and commercial evil.

Because they believe it involves revolutionary and unlawful financial transactions that are a wrong against the State and the United States.

Because they believe it embodies sociological principles that are opposed to the existence of democratic government and the existing civilization.

As to the first objection, the people of

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Minnesota represent a sovereign State empowered to rule itself. They believe that law is made to be enforced. In this connection the Railway Trust is diametrically opposed to the statute which forbids "the consolidation of two parallel and competing lines." This law was passed after due reflection and to prevent exactly such a consolidation as is now in contemplation. Minnesota regards this proceeding as an open and defiant challenge to the State. The people of Minnesota do not believe for a moment that the State of New Jersey can erect an organization to defy the law in the State of Minnesota. Whether these two great competing lines are organized in Minnesota against the law, or are organized in New Jersey, they are equally opposed to equity and the wishes of the citizens of Minnesota and her sister States.

This consolidation is an attempt to secure by indirection that which is specifically prohibited by precise law. As such it will be resisted to the last ditch by every legal and lawful method which resides in a sovereign State.

The organization is equally against the law because it involves a vast overcapitalization, which is likewise prohibited by a statute passed to prevent the issue of fraudulent stock. This matter will be discussed later in this article.

As to the matter of law, the people of Minnesota are largely of Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and Teutonic descent. Their races have made their own laws for some hundreds of years to suit themselves. When the majority of a free people wishes to change its laws, it will do so. In the meantime, they propose that their law shall be obeyed equally by citizens and corporations. It has been recently intimated that the people of Minnesota do not understand their own interests in this matter and that they should leave these abstruse matters in the hands of the excellent and wiser gentlemen who are effecting these organizations against the law. Strange as it may seem, the people of Minnesota do not care to place their future in the hands of a benevolent despot. When they reach this point, they will probably select some local party. They will not select the gentlemen who are now openly organized in destroying the statute law.

The people of Minnesota and the entire Northwest believe that the Railway Trust is an economic and commercial wrong, because they think it an attempt to do away finally with all competition—upon which the future of every citizen and community is dependent. They believe also that it means—(a) the gradual deterioration of freight and passenger service; (b) the discharge of thousands of employees to reduce expenses; (c) the strangling of all small trade centers between Chicago and the Pacific coast; (d) the destruction of individuals and communities, the gagging of a free press, and the prostitution of courts, legislatures, and citizens. As regards these last contingencies, the people anticipate them because they have invariably followed consolidation, and the people of Minnesota read the future from the past.

Not to be unjust to corporate interests, it is fair to call public attention to the recent consolidation of the two Iron Range roads of Minnesota by the so-called Steel Trust. This consolidation was made in direct defiance of the law, and the corporation to-day conducts its business without the slightest reference to the people of the State from which these two railroads secured their charters. Exorbitant rates are maintained on iron ore, which serve to crush the individual shipper and prevent the development of the greatest iron deposits in the world. Repeated efforts of the Legislature and the Railroad Commission to control and reduce rates have been flatly ignored, and to-day this corporation defies both the citizens and the State. When it is stated that the gross earnings of these two small roads amount to nearly $6,000,000 a year, and that each of them almost pays its original cost in net profits every year, can it be supposed that a citizen of Minnesota will welcome other schemes involving the "community of interests"?

As to the broad general principle of competition being desirable, this does not constitute a subject for abstract debate in the Western country. Free competition is the life-blood of the industrial, social, and economic body of the West. It is an absolute necessity, without which communities have been wiped off the map, individuals have been crushed, and too aggressive citizens driven outright from

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the land. Competition is the birthright of the Western man. While the free winds blow upon the prairie and the timber lands, free competition will be maintained for and by the people, and regardless of book-men and corporation lawyers who live a thousand miles from the wheat and pine.

No one, in this connection, should assume for a moment that the West does not fully understand the tendency of the age and of civilization. The West fully realizes that this is the age of consolidation and concentration. It does not like this tendency, but it recognizes the inevitable. Minnesota and the West expect that legitimate consolidations of capital will be made to reduce the cost of production and transportation. They insist, however, that these consolidations shall be legal; that they shall be made for the interests of the individual citizens of the West and not for the colossal aggrandizement of a score of men who are living in the East.

The unbiased reader should not believe for a moment that the vast consolidation of these railroads is necessary to protect them from the injustice of the State. There is no State from Lake Superior to Puget Sound where any railroad has just cause to dread the action of either people or legislature. There is no State where corporation rights are infringed upon or impaired in the slightest degree. When the fierce hare destroys the timid hound, then may it be said that the railroads of the West are coerced by the State and people.

As to the third objection, the people of Minnesota believe this Railway Trust to involve revolutionary and unlawful financial transactions that are a wrong to the citizens both of the State and the United States. The Minnesota statutes provide explicitly that no corporation shall issue stocks or bonds in excess of capital actually invested. Regardless of this law, both the Great Northern line and the Northern Pacific have issued stock and bonds far in excess of the capital invested, or the real value of their properties. It is a conservative statement to say that the amount of watered stock involved in the formation of the "Northern Securities" cannot be less than $100,000,000. As showing the enlargement of stock, it may be said that the amount of Great Northern indebtedness increased in the five years from 1895 to 1901 from $25,000,000 to $125,000,000. In this connection it should be stated that this vast increase of indebtedness is accounted for by no proportionate increase of either trackage or actual valuation. This is an illegal increase of nearly 500 per cent.

In a nutshell, the people of Minnesota believe that the "Northern Securities Company" proposes to saddle upon the Northwest a fictitious indebtedness of nearly one hundred million dollars. This vast sum is an absolute net profit to the organizers of this corporation. Nevertheless, both the principal and interest must eventually be paid by the citizens of the Northwest. It can be paid only by increased freight rates and reduced expenditures of the railroads.

Owing to the great development following the return of good times, the railroads have been able to make very large dividends. These they now wish to make permanent by the issue of fictitious stock which will effectually conceal the enormous profits which they make on their real investment. These profits cannot, however, be maintained indefinitely. Upon their legitimate investment it is not unfair to say that these railroads are making twenty per cent. on their capital. The people of Minnesota and the Northwest not only insist that there shall be no increase of the present freight rates, but they are already clamoring for an actual reduction. Since the railroads have recovered from the afflictions of the hard times, the people of the West now feel that the public is entitled to receive some benefit from the greatly reduced cost of hauling freight that has taken place in the last ten years.

The successful and continued coercion of seven commonwealths and ten million people can hardly be attempted by any man who has not become drunken by continued success and power. The people of Minnesota will not waste a minute upon the abstraction raised by the great lawyers who represent these corporations. Neither the statutes of the State of New Jersey nor of any other State can saddle this corporation upon a sovereign people. The power of making rates resides with the people and is beyond the powers of the statutes of New Jersey or any other State.

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At the proper time the people of Minnesota will speak with no uncertain voice. Their Legislature will revise these extortionate rates, and they will be so revised that the people of the Northwest will not be compelled to pay four per cent. interest upon one hundred million dollars of fictitious stock.

As to the fourth objection, the people of Minnesota are against the Railway Trust because they believe it involves principles that are opposed to the continued existence of republican government. The objections already cited are but material and practical ones. There are other and more profound objections that should be no longer neglected by either the citizens of Minnesota or of the United States. The craze for organization and consolidation has arrived at the point where it threatens the stability of society and the existing form of government.

The individual citizen is fast becoming a mere cog in the gigantic organism which does away with all free will and the natural ambitions of mankind. The man with small capital has been crushed in his efforts to compete with gigantic masses of corporate wealth. The class of intelligent citizens of small means, which is the basis of free government and National prosperity, is rapidly being eliminated from society. Now the avenues of trade and commerce which were long the refuge of common men against the vast aggregations of capital are to be monopolized and finally closed by the destruction of all competition.

These things suggest serious questions which every citizen must confront and solve. Are the so-called glory of "commercialism" and the continued existence of the present good times to blind the citizen to the fact that he is permitting the erection of gigantic and destructive social forces, which will overthrow not only the financial structure but the whole fabric of republican government?

Is he to permit the silent and continuous progress of these vast monopolies till his children will see nothing but workmen and beggars at one end and all the wealth of the Nation accumulated in a few hands at the other? This means despotism, imperialism, and the final disintegration of Anglo-Saxon society and government.

If the millions of plain people and patriotic citizens want this, they can get it, and get it by just sitting still and permitting the organization of these gigantic combinations in defiance of every sound theory of finance.

While the people of Minnesota and the West fully understand the dangers of these tendencies, they do not for a moment lose faith in the capacity of the people to rule themselves. When they are ready to strangle these illegal corporations, they will quietly arise and do so. They will not do this in turbulence and wrath, but they will do it in the properly constituted tribunals, their courts and legislatures. In the meantime it is safe to say that no legislator will sit long in any legislature west of the Mississippi River who differs from his constituents on these points. It might also be gently said in passing that no Western Congressman will linger long in Washington who fails to hear the mandate of his people on this subject.

Shadow-Love

From the German of Heine

By Edwin Henry Keen

Shadow-love and shadow-kisses,
Shadow-life so fleet and strange,
Will all hours be sweet as this is?
Tell me, dear one, must they change?

Nothing stays of all we cherish,
Weary eyes will fall asleep;
All things fade, and pass, and perish,
Loving hearts must cease to beat.

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The Story of an East Side Family

I.—A Marriage of Convenience[1]

By Lillian W. Betts

THE street was crowded as usual. The new civic gospel had resulted in covering the street with asphalt. This enlarged the play-space for the children. The element of danger in dodging the rapidly moving trucks, carts, and bicycles made life, even to the toddlers, more enjoyable. To run in front of a truck, just escaping the horses, so near that the truckman turned white with fright and then red with anger, while he launched a torrent of profanity on the jeering mite of humanity on the curb, was bliss for the mite. To spurt across the street on two fat, wabbly legs, whose extremities are covered with shoes of different sizes, destitute of buttons, in front of a bicyclist scorching on a clear space, and compel him to fall off his bicycle to avoid a calamity, this is joy unspeakable. If the man is so angry as to be speechless, and finds relief in wordless threats, delivered with fists, while the precious wheel is being examined, so much more pleasure for the owner of the fat, wabbly legs. All this is fine, if unconscious, training, for the days to come, when dodging the policeman will be one of the many delightful pleasures of life.

Could any ball room floor surpass this smooth surface when the genial organ-grinder pursues his more or less musical way between the rows of tall tenements? The baby on the third-floor front flattens his little snub nose against the pane on which he dries his tears, as his mouth broadens in a smile at the sight of the dancing group on the street below. There is a promise of the future in this gay scene from which size alone excludes him.

The old grandfather on the floor above, standing with the youngest of seven grandchildren in his arms, is moved to tears and smiles. Tears for the days, long, long ago, when he and Gretchen were the leaders in the merrymaking in the village, seen more clearly as the idle hours increase and the outer scenes fade. Smiles, for there is little Gretchen, with the same flaxen pigtails bobbing and swinging as she tries to teach a dark-haired Rebecca the "two-step." "So like," murmurs the old man, and the tears and smile deepen.

On the next block the push-carts hold control. The women push, crowd, argue, and gossip, condole and congratulate, as do other women of another life—surpassing them in that the women of the push-cart region do all this in two or three languages.

Men and women with bundles of finished and unfinished coats hurry along with unseeing eyes. Minutes are pennies, and pennies their only known measure of values. Here and there a gay, rollicking laugh out-voices the babel of tongues, proving that the spirit of childhood still remains in spite of poverty and hard work, or, worse, no work. The danger of bankruptcy never faces the man who sells all his stock each day at a profit that pays his rent and buys black bread and coffee. The sharp sting of defeated ambition never enters the heart of the woman whose social set uses the same assembly-room—the street. She has the benefit of her neighbors' experience in every transaction. It is given freely as she examines the remnant which by scrimping will make a skirt. The waist that must be worn with it is bright blue, the remnant is purple, but the fortunate buyer, and the experienced, sympathetic friend who has not had a new skirt in five years, cannot bring such isolated facts together, not even when they cover the stately form of Rebecca's mother.

Without theories or laws, without leaders or followers, the great community life, whose capital is common experiences and common limitations, develops. No sociological microscope makes these community members self-conscious. Life is lived in careless ease and stoical endurance.

When the streets are still more crowded

[1] This story first appeared in The Outlook for September 22, 1900, and is now reprinted to form the first of a series of story-sketches in which will be traced the evolution of an East Side typical family of New York.

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because school is out and more women and children are at liberty, a young man and girl turned out of a side street and joined the throng on this East Side thoroughfare.

A worn sailor hat trimmed with soiled ribbon and decorated by a new quill of the latest style, worn on eight out of every ten hats in the region, was on the head of the girl, above a mass of reddish-brown hair. She wore a light jacket which must have seen harder service than the hat. This was a size too small for the sturdy figure; it was slight protection from the sharp November air.

The young man, evidently of her own age, made less effort to appear prosperous. His clothes were thin and shabby, his hat was of a shape worn three seasons back. Both hands were thrust deep down in his trousers pockets.

"I ain't had a bite since yesterday noon. I've walked until I can't walk no longer." The husky tones made it impossible for any but the girl to understand him as they passed through the crowd. This tone was not due to emotion. Jack was too familiar with hunger to have his voice affected by the present experience. Jack had learned to talk on the street. He early learned to pitch his voice, even when crying, above the rattle, the rumble, and the clanging of cars and carts. His voice-training was carried on without interruption by selling papers during the rush hours at the ferry. Later he assisted the street hucksters. For the past year he had been first assistant to the opulent street vender who owned a bony gray horse and a bright-green wagon. The man's voice was gone, and Jack was invaluable to him, for his voice could be recognized two blocks away. But the gray horse and the green wagon had recently been sold by the widow, after it had been made plain to Jack that their ownership was quite within his reach. Jack was adrift again. A bit harder to bear now, for he had learned to like steady employment. This last year was his first experience in this direction.

Mary, as he called the girl, was silent a moment, and then remarked casually: "I ain't had no breakfast meself. Work stopped Saturday. I gave her me envelope. She gave me ten cents Saturday night. Sunday she wa'n't bad, only a little off. She began hard yesterday. I went out to look for somethin'; when I got back, she was ugly. I kept still, for I knew she'd soon go to sleep, and I might get a quarter out of her pocket. She hadn't a cent, I knew, but what I guv her. I was foolish to stay in; it made her s'picious. She had it somewhere in the bedroom, for she got worse an' worse. At last she sat down and dropped off. Now, thinks I, I'll get a quarter; 'twill keep me till she gets over this. I tried to get at her pocket too soon." There was silence for a moment, and then, with a fierce scowl and clenched hands, Jack asked, "And yer limp?" Mary nodded.

They walked a block before either spoke.

"I ain't told yer the shop is goin' to open again soon. The boss expects a big order. If ye're in a box Saturday," she added, timidly, "I can perhaps let ye have a little." The danger-signal of deep red flushed into Jack's face. Mary hurriedly added, "'Tain't fer keeps. Yer forgit," she continued, more firmly, "what yer paid for medicine for me father. If ye're a-goin' to act like this, yer needn't sling the yaller when I'm down." A deep blush came into her cheeks and an unusual tone in her voice as she continued, softly, "I guess yer think I don't know yer hocked yer coat when she was sick and I had to stay home. I knowed how the rent was paid and the landlord's jaw shet. What's good for the goose is good for the gander," she added, with a timid smile and glance into the scowling face.

The scowl deepened. Mary grew restless under it, and walked more quickly. Jack was going through a severe mental struggle. To plan his own affairs a day ahead was an unusual proceeding for Jack. To come to a decision that settled his and Mary's whole future exhausted his vital powers.

His shoulders went nearer his ears as his hands went deeper into his pockets. Three or four times he attempted to speak; at last the sentences came blunderingly: "Mary, let's get married. We can't be no worse off togedder than we is now. Let's get married!"

The shock deprived Mary of the power of walking. The color left her face, and she trembled.

"Come on, Mary. There won't be any

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more booze. I'll pick up somethin', I ain't afraid. Yer can work a week or two till I catch on. Come," he added, coaxingly, as he almost touched her arm.

Mary at last looked up into the only face in all the world that represented friendship. A stronger word she never used even mentally. If sometimes, as Jack remained her unalterable "steady," the thought of a future when they might be married came to her, not even then did she use the word love. It is doubtful if the word were in the vocabulary of either. There was a new expression in Jack's face as she looked at him.

"Where in God's name would we go?" she asked, breathlessly, at last. "She'd break every bone in me body if we went home. There's no place in the world for us." For the first time since they were babies, Jack saw Mary cry.

A power stirred within him he had never known. There, in the glare of the sun, in the sight of the hurrying hundreds, he almost took her in his arms. With an oath registered in heaven, but unvoiced by Jack, he vowed to stand between Mary and the world. He'd make a place. A contempt for the strong muscles that had been his pride and protection since babyhood swept over him. Of what use were they if they could not save Mary from crying?

"Mary," he whispered, slipping his arm through hers, "Mary, I made a dollar Saturday. I knew she was on the booze, and I never broke it. I didn't know—"

A glorious light came into Mary's brown eyes. "Oh, Jack, yer thought—"

"Yes," he interrupted, trembling at the new emotion that shook him—"yes, I thought yer might need it."

"Oh, Jack!" was all he heard, but the weight on his arm was heavier. Eden opened before them. They entered.

Mary's "Yes" was the "I do" in response to the old, gray-haired clergyman's question. Many were the prudent misgivings that framed themselves in the old man's mind as Jack, tall and straight, stood before him and made his request.

Jack's "We ain't got nobody but ourselves, and we want to be togedder" won the day.

Jack and Mary left the old, dilapidated church man and wife. But not until Jack had made the clergyman smile.

"I got one dollar, mister. I want that to go housekeeping, for we've got to go at once. But I'll pay yer five dollars, blest if I don't. Take my hand on it. It may be I'll have to pay yer in installments. Five dollars is a lot of money, but I'll pay yer as sure as ye're born."

The sun had gone down behind the tall buildings as Jack and Mary came into the street.

Mary was trembling, and now doubtful. Jack rose in his new manhood. He must drive that look from her eyes. 'Twas worse than the look he always found there when her mother was on the booze.

Neither spoke. As they walked toward the East River, and the shadows grew darker, Jack took his wife's hand and passed it through his arm. It was so embarrassing that it dropped shyly out and was not recovered.

Mary's doubts disappeared; she asked no questions. Happily, nay, joyfully, she kept step with Jack. Life was glorious! Her own home, and Jack's! She could not see for the love that sent sparks before her eyes. She was warmed and fed. The glance of her eyes which Jack caught made his pulse tingle. Protect Mary! Let any one dare to touch her. He almost longed to show her what he would do.

"Mary, stand here in this doorway. This Mike's me fren'."

He referred to the groceryman who kept the corner store. Jack nodded familiarly as he entered the store.

"Well, Yacob! How goes it?"

"So, so," was the response, as the man leaned leisurely on the counter.

"Got yer room rented?"

"Naw," laconically.

"Well, I want it."

The man stood up straight.

"Yep. No foolin'. I can't pay the whole week's rent, but I'll guv yer half. Yer know me."

The man looked at him searchingly. There was something new about the boy.

"I'm married, Jacob. I'm sick bumming round. It's me steady, yer know. Old woman kicked her last night. Couldn't let her go back."

By this time the dollar was on the counter. "Dat room is empty," at last responded the man.

"Yep. Ye'll let me have two soapboxes; we ain't proud, if we is beauties.

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We'll git along all right. Yer know me steady. Der ain't a better girl in de Eight." For the first time Jack's voice broke.

The weak Jacob pushed back the dollar, saying, "Dat's all right; you works it out, see? I need bundles carried, and dis store swept, and dat leetle devils watched what dake mine tings. Dat's all right. You boxes want? Your steady, where is she?"

Jack pointed over his shoulder toward the hall door. Jacob flew around, and came back leading the blushing, tearful Mary into the light. Jack beamed.

"He's let us have the room. I'll work it out," announced Jack, joyfully.

Mary was mystified, and looked from one to the other. Jack now explained. The burden of life was dropped on Jack's shoulders. Mary gave a happy laugh, and took a step nearer to him, but stepped further away at once, greatly embarrassed. The smiling, sympathetic groceryman bustled about to find his best empty soap-boxes. He found a table he insisted on lending them. To show his friendship toward the new home he would carry it upstairs, while Jack followed with the boxes, and Mary protected the store.

In five minutes Jack and Mary were setting the boxes in the dusky room. Jack looked about with a proud air of ownership. When covered carts and open hallways have been one's only home for seven years, a hall bedroom, furnished with a table and two soap-boxes, on one of which sits the wife you love, becomes palatial. As they sit in the dusky room, the love-light shining in their faces, although it is so dark they cannot see each other, there is a knock at the door and a scurrying through the hall. Jack opened the door to find a number of parcels. He gathered them up and put them on the table. A bottle and a candle were on top. Jack lighted the candle and put it in the bottle; and when he opened the bundles of bread and cheese and butter, he looked at them for a moment speechless. His honest blue eyes filled with tears. Mary rose and stole softly around the table, slipping her hand through his arm and leaning her cheek against his sleeve. Jack looked down at the brown head, and, putting his head down on it, he murmured, "The duffer!" That was Jack's "God bless him!"

Reconstruction in China

By Arthur H. Smith

Author of "Village Life in China," "China in Convulsion," etc., etc.

WHILE it is true that the attention of the world has been to some extent diverted from China by the definite withdrawal of so many foreign troops, and by the turning over of Peking as a whole and the Forbidden City in particular to the undivided control of the Chinese themselves, there is in reality much greater reason for interest in what goes on in that Empire than there was while several great Powers and other smaller ones were neutralizing one another in wrangling over the terms of the final settlement.

The many weeks which have elapsed since the Chinese came into undisputed possession of their capital have in several ways disappointed those who predicted a catastrophe as a proximate result. The transfer from one form of government to the other was accomplished in the city of Peking itself with the minimum of friction, and with no conflicts anywhere. In Peking the well-dressed and well-behaved soldiers of Governor Yuan-Shih-Kai are in evidence everywhere, and have won general praise by their excellent drill and soldierly bearing, but they have no more love for foreigners than have other Chinese troops, and have been known to revile their Continental drillmasters as soon as the latter have turned their backs. In the policing of Peking the Japanese have been assisting the Chinese to adopt new ways, but it is probable that the outcome will be superficial only. As soon as foreign judicial proceedings were suspended, the old familiar "squeezes" began to assert themselves again, and they will never cease until China has not only new machinery, but new men to operate it. Peking has never seemed to be more full

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of people than it is now, affording a great contrast to a year ago. The incomputable amount of money, largely dollars, which has been expended by the various armies and their attendants has given to the whole region an air and the reality of prosperity which is rare in the history of Oriental lands after such an invasion. Tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of individuals have no doubt been ruined incidentally, but what one sees is apparent prosperity, together with a general rise in prices, especially of building materials, wages, and rent. That the cost of living in this part of China will hereafter be much dearer for foreigners, as well as for Chinese, does not admit of doubt—a fact illustrated by the experience of Japan, although under dissimilar circumstances.

Externally the appearance of Peking is constantly and rapidly altering, particularly the part most implicated in the catastrophe of last year.

The Legation area has been delimited, and, roughly speaking, embraces a tract a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, surrounded with a band of open space for military protection. Some of the Legations are fortified as if another siege might be expected in the immediate future, having lofty walls with partly concealed loopholes, a wide and deep moat, and in some cases mines have been run toward the Imperial City, by entering which it would be possible to detect any countermining of the Chinese—a precaution due to the report of the Military Committee appointed by the Ministers last winter, the adoption of which is by no means agreeable to all the occupants of the Legations themselves. The United States Legation has simply a good wall on the outer face of its exposed territory, without loopholes, moat, or mine.

The Germans have not only made their Legation secure in a military way, but they are building an actual fort on the city wall near to the Hata Gate, apparently meant to carry a large gun in the second story, which is floored with heavy steel girders. In view of this open threat to the Court, it is no wonder that many have believed that the Empress Dowager would never return to the capital. That the Court *is* to return, after all its innumerable vacillations, still remains to be proved, although a start from Singanfu has actually been made. But that nearly every one in Peking whose opinion is entitled to weight, Chinese and foreigner alike, *expects* the return is certain. There are many forces which draw it back, some of which are not altogether comprehensible to average Westerners, while readily valued at their true worth in China. There is, for one thing, the evident loss of "face," which means much more than self-respect, since it includes the aspect in which one's conduct appears to others. The excuse for absence hitherto given has been that it was impossible to go to a city contaminated with foreign soldiers. Now that, with the exception of permanent Legation guards, these are gone, this reason is inert. Many falsehoods have undoubtedly been industriously sown broadcast through the Empire as to the occasion for the journey of the Court to the remote west, such as that it was for purposes of inspection, and the like. But these cannot permanently avail. Kaifengfu, the proposed halting-place, is in every way unsuitable for a national capital, and the vital necessity of performing as usual the sacrifices and ceremonies at the dynastic graves and temples would seem of itself to settle the necessity for a return at no distant day. Until the Court is really back China as a whole is unsettled and open to unknown possibilities. But when the Court has once reoccupied its palaces and its yamens, while it will lose "face" in Peking itself from the incongruity of what has happened with what was planned, in most other places it will be easy so to represent matters that the prestige of the Government need not suffer. The Barbarians have now been expelled; they will not return; good subjects must now all rally to the defense of the Empire, etc., etc. The great monument to Baron von Ketteler on the spot where he was killed seems likely to be imposing, and will certainly be obstructive of travel, but at present huge mat-sheds cover the elaborate foundations, and little idea of the plan can be gathered.

The new railway from Peking to Tungchou, under the control of the British, as a part of the Peking and Tientsin line, is so far completed as to be passable for trains, although unballasted and far from finished. No city was last year more

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thoroughly destroyed than Tungchou, and while this branch line will not restore it to its former position, it will be of great use in many ways. Tungchou has lost its storage of tribute rice, the transport of that rice, and the sub-prefectural examinations, and these were the main dependencies of the city. Its punishment is severe but just. The Tungchou and the Tientsin railways now come directly up to the Chien-Men, or Front Gate of Peking, on the outer face—that is, in the southern city, where a new station has been opened. On the other side of the same gate the Luhan railway has its terminus, as yet without a station. Each of these lines enters the southern city through breaches in the walls, but those who know best feel sure that the Chinese Government will not close them up, but rather that an opening for foreign passenger traffic from the Legation area will be made directly over the Water Gate, through which the relieving force entered, thus saving much time and distance. It seems very unfortunate that the great Hata street should be crossed by the new tracks *at grade*, which will almost inevitably result in accidents. Considerable sums of money are being expended by the Chinese in repairing the palaces and other structures in the Forbidden City, which is an additional indication that the Court is really looked for at no distant day. The great Peitang or Northern Cathedral, which suffered so much in the siege, is now being thoroughly repaired.

The American Methodist and the American Board Missions have each secured very extensive additions to their already large areas, so that, as the direct result of Boxerism, they will have premises vastly superior to those previously occupied. The indemnities to Christians have, for the most part, been paid, and things are resuming something of their normal status, but the church members from Tungchou are still quartered in Peking, with their future undetermined, as is the location of the North China College of the American Board, formerly at Tungchou. A multitude of schools have sprung up for instruction in European languages and in Japanese—in the latter case with the belief (undoubtedly either erroneous or greatly exaggerated) that it will be a short-cut to all that is worth while in the science and literature of the West. Foreign troops are far more in evidence in Tientsin than in Peking, for the Tientsin Provisional Government still holds its rule, and may continue to do so for some months, perhaps for a year or two. There are some serious embarrassments in this state of things, particularly as regards the collection of the customs revenue, but the opportunity to complete the improvements now well under way is too precious to be thrown away, or even jeopardized. It is believed that within two years the Peiho River will be so amended that steamers can once more come directly to the "bund" at this important post, and trade will certainly increase enormously. The development of the new "concessions" (or rather aggressions) goes on apace, and already the city does not know itself. Within a few months a line of street railway of some sort will probably belt the city where the wall was removed, and a wide avenue be opened, passing through all the various settlements, enormously increasing the value of the now worthless mud-holes on the outskirts, and facilitating locomotion in a way which but a few months ago was a hopeless impossibility. The Anglo-German railway from here to Chinkiang, on the Yangtzu, is almost certain not to be long delayed—a route which ought to have been one of the very first opened, and which will almost certainly prove a great success. The Russians are said to have removed twenty-four hundred tons of steel and iron (machinery, shells, etc.) from the East Arsenal, captured and held by them, to Port Arthur. The West Arsenal was occupied by the Japanese, but its machinery, etc., was sold at auction by the Provisional Government, and is now in the possession of some Chinese. The Tientsin University, over which Dr. C. D. Tenney presides, is at present suspended, as the Germans refuse to surrender the buildings, which are wanted for barracks. The question has become an international one, and it is to be hoped that the value of the property will be ultimately secured and the institution opened elsewhere.

The condition of things in the interior cities and country is, to say the least, much better than there was any valid reason to expect. The provincial treas-

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urer of Chili, Chou-Fu, has used the velvet claw with marked skill, in such a way that the "Society of United Villagers," which was so menacing a few months ago, is now not even heard of. His methods have been of a peculiarly Chinese sort, a mixture of threats and coaxing, but the important point is that they appear to have succeeded. There is of course no reason to suppose that the temper of the Chinese people has been modified in the least, but it is much that external quiet almost universally prevails, with the probability that it will continue to do so for some time—extraordinary and unforeseen events aside. It is now known to the initiated that the reported disturbances in the Yangtzu Valley a few weeks ago were the external symptoms of what might easily have become a formidable rising, but it was nipped in its bud, or—to change the figure—may yet be smoldering under the hatches.

There are those with large knowledge of China who, while not anticipating any immediate or early movement against foreigners in the Empire, feel sure that sooner or later it will come, and that perhaps it may take its origin in parts of China far distant from those principally affected by the recent disturbances. Among these prophets of evil Sir Robert Hart ranks as the principal, and although for more than forty years a faithful and valued servant of the present dynasty, he has within the past twelve months uttered distinct Cassandra-like warnings which his Manchu patrons would do well to heed. His grave proposal to do away with the essential safeguard of exterritoriality, with no suggestions as to the means by which its results may be otherwise attained, has not been taken, and perhaps was not meant to be taken, seriously.

It seems idle to speculate in regard to the absolutely unknown factor embodied in the possible acts of the numerous Powers which have asserted themselves so strenuously in Chinese affairs; but there are two of them which are most assuredly a menace to the peace of the Far East, and some well-informed persons consider Germany to be the greater peril of the two. The health of Li-Hung-Chang has long been frail,[1] and within the past year he has been loaded with burdens sufficient to kill a man with a constitution of wrought steel. The weight of diversified responsibility under which many leading Chinese statesmen contrive to stagger until they fall into their graves is, to Occidentals in general, inconceivable and incredible. A full and authentic biography of Li from the hand of his most faithful foreign adviser and friend, Mr. William N. Pethick, will be published as soon as the subject of it has disappeared, and it may be expected to throw a flood of light upon many topics now highly obscure.

It seems to be generally believed that whenever Li is obliged to lay down the heavy burden of the Governor-Generalship of Chili, Yuan-Shih-Kai, now Governor of Shantung, will take his place. He is perhaps the ablest of the present officials in China, with a clear perception of what is needed, having the command of by far the best-drilled force in China, and with the capital advantage of being only forty-three years of age, most other prominent Chinese and Manchus being far beyond sixty, and many of them much older. The attention of the Empire has been forcibly called to the subject of reform in China by the issue in intermittent succession of a series of Edicts which have within themselves potentially a wholly new China. One of these orders the abolition of the Literary Essay (*wen-chang*) as a test of fitness for office—the very measure introduced three years before by the Emperor, being one of those which led to the reaction against him.

Another important reform is the abolition of purchase of office, which if thoroughly carried out might mean much; and still another sweeping innovation is the introduction of proper military instruction in place of the obsolete practice in lifting and throwing stone weights and shooting with bows and arrows, with which weapons alone the Manchu guardians of the Forbidden City were provided when the Americans shelled the gates from the wall at the Chien-Men. There are other items in the long programme of change, but it is somewhat premature to tabulate the list until the preliminary question what they really mean is answered. There is in regard to this much uncertainty,

[1] This article, of course, was written several weeks before the death of Li-Hung-Chang.—THE EDITORS.

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but the better opinion appears to be that those who feel the necessity for some important changes are now for some reason much more influential than before, in spite of apparent facts to the contrary. It is also easy to see that, by waiting until the foreign armies have withdrawn, the Chinese Government is able to put the best possible face on the matter, and to make it appear that it was the intention all the while to introduce the necessary changes; whereas had the Powers made a formal demand for any one of them, the "face" of China would have been lost. But it is important to take account of the fact that while the terms of some of these decrees do not vary materially from those of 1898, there is in them much less *vim*, and they all wear a perfunctory look. And even were it otherwise we must not for an instant lose sight of the other important fact that nowhere more than in China do the bearings of Imperial Edicts lie in the application of them. There is no suggestion of any means by which the proposed innovations are to be brought about, and in every instance there will be—as there is indeed already—a harmonious chorus of practical opposition which will inevitably strangle real reform before it can even begin. That it is even theoretically proposed is an interesting phenomenon, but it is at present nothing more. A thoughtful old Chinese in Peking, to whom the writer recently proposed an inquiry as to the prognosis of all these changes, after a little reflection compendiously replied: "Hao pu-liao"—in English, "No good." Still, we may all be disappointed by some turn of events at present quite beneath the dip of the horizon. It is now reported that steps are soon to be taken to cancel the appointment of the youthful son of Prince Tuan as heir apparent, and it is to be hoped that some worthy substitute may be found. If the former lad were actually to come to the throne, the completion of the ruin of China would probably speedily follow. In various parts of the disturbed provinces foreigners—mostly missionaries—have already returned to their fields. This is true in every part of Shantung, in a few places in Chili (mainly on the railways), in Shansi, and two brave English Baptist missionaries (accompanied *en route* by a British Major) have re-established themselves in Singanfu, under the very eyes of the Court. They were politely escorted and officially welcomed into quarters provided for them, and their accounts of the conditions there are most interesting. The famine has been terrible, and is far from ended, and relief was being given on a definite scale as soon as the missionaries, bringing a large sum of the "Christian Herald" fund, arrived.

In northern Honan the Canadian Presbyterian missionaries have been received at Changtefu (the home of the late Li-Ping-Heng), where they are engaged in rehabilitating the ruins of their work. Representatives of the China Inland Mission are scattered through Shansi—Dr. Atwood, of the American Board Mission, is at Fenchoufu, and Dr. E. H. Edwards (Independent) at Taiyuanfu. These various observers are differently impressed with what they have seen and experienced, but appear to have been alike struck with the fact that the cordial welcome with which they were met was only intended to make a favorable impression, and not to set the key for future relations. The influence of the progressive Taotai Shen-Tun-Ho at once waned after the foreign troops had left Chili, and the Governor of Shansi (a real conservative, although mistaken at first for a progressive) is showing that he does not mean to be carried away by reform measures. Much of the forty thousand taels advanced to the destitute Christians seems to have been apportioned to those (not Christians) who suffered from their incidental connection with church members, and if such sums are not deducted from the total to be paid to the latter, there may be great injustice done by what was apparently intended as a special kindness. Dr. Edwards calls attention to the fact that a book as scurrilous as any of the well-known Hunan anti-foreign publications was published at the military academy in Taiyuanfu a few years ago, a copy of which he is endeavoring to obtain. Owing to the attitude of Yü-Hsien, its Governor, the state of things in Shansi, where by far the largest number of foreigners was killed, was much worse than elsewhere. Attention has repeatedly been called, however, to the behavior of some of the officials, who at

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the risk of their office, or perhaps of their lives, protected foreigners in defiance of the decree of extermination from Peking. From Chinese sources only, another interesting fact has lately come to light. According to Chinese ideas the performance of sacrifices over the remains of those who have died is a fit recognition of their worth and a propitiation of their spirits. One of the popular national festivals is a Chinese feast of all souls, to make offerings in behalf of those who would otherwise be unremembered. It appears that a Mr. Chu, a director of studies (in preparing students for examinations), was so deeply impressed with the horrors attending the massacre of the English Baptist missionaries at Hsinchou (a city about forty miles north of Taiyuanfu) that he took steps for their sepulture, and prepared a document relating to the same, to which he prefixed a brief introduction. I am indebted to Dr. Sheffield for a translation of this most touching evidence of the "natural link" among all mankind, however widely they may seem to be separated. Mr. Chu's preamble is as follows:

I buried these missionaries at the eastern corner of the city wall, and prepared a writing to use in offering sacrifice to them. The missionaries were English, four men and four women, one named Ma [the Rev. W. A. McCurrach] and the other Ti [the Rev. Herbert Dixon]. The names of the others are not known to me. In the seventh month at Hsinchou, I, Chu-Hung-Kao, a director of studies, offered sacrifice at the graves of missionaries, presenting incense, paper, wine, and fruit, with the following composition:

Light has passed and darkness has set in. The spirit of destruction is let loose. Though one shuts his door and dwells within, yet calamity comes to him out of the skies. China has been ruled by the Pure Dynasty for three hundred years, and people have been born in multitudes, like the budding of trees. The gracious gods have recently withdrawn, and from north to south calamities have increased. Scholars from Europe have been destroyed in a single day; their bodies were left for wolves and birds to devour. [Addressing the dead] When you heard of the approaching calamity you fled from your homes, leading your wives and children to the fields and mountains. Who was there to care for you—to lead you out or to bring you in? You were like animals enticed by promises of grass and grain, but were led treacherously into pitfalls. On the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when moon and stars had disappeared, only the Dipper being seen in the north, with no sound save the crowing of cocks, you were carried out in carts to the foot of the city wall and there were killed, your bodies being thrown out in a desolate place by the side of the river. Though slightly covered, your hands and feet were still visible. Your church was that of Jesus; my teachers were Kung and Yen [Confucius and his favorite disciple Yen]. Our studies were along widely different lines, and we had no personal relations. Yet I remember that in ancient times Cheng-Chuang saved Chang I. from calamity, and Chu-Chia showed the same regard for Chi-Pu. [Historical characters of the third and fourth centuries before Christ, who, though mutually enemies, in time of calamity showed kindness one to another.] Was this kindly treatment because they were friends, or belonged to the same family? It was rather because of the spirit of nobility in the Superior Man, strong enough to break in pieces stone and metal, and which mounts to the clouds of heaven. With these worthies of antiquity, I do not dare to compare myself.

I dug a pit at the city wall, and rounded up the earth over their graves, burying these eight persons, men at the east and women at the north. The pit was seven feet deep. I hired thirteen laborers to assist. My official position is an humble one and my ready money is limited; I therefore pawned goods to secure a little cash. I could not provide clothing for the bodies, nor outer cases for the coffins. Fearing that men or animals might expose the bodies, I bound the coffins with grass and mats, that you might be left in peace. I did this in sympathy with my Emperor who loves the lives of his people. I desired also that the bodies which you had received from your parents might remain complete, and that your spirits might not haunt the passing travelers. It was my desire that you might remain undisturbed in the earth until friends came from your kingdom to remove your bodies to their resting-places near your homes. I offer a cup of wine accompanying these words. In performing this act my heart is filled with sorrow. I ask you to accept this offering made in deep distress.

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Victorian Prose Masters[1]

THE quality in this volume of essays which makes itself felt first is intellectual rather than literary; a quality of thought rather than of form. The form is distinctly in evidence; it is by no means a transparent medium through which ideas are disclosed in clear and sharply outlined order; on the contrary, it often interposes obstacles which the reader must surmount in order to get Mr. Brownell's meaning. It is not an obscure style; it is an exact style; it is difficult because the thought is not only exceedingly close, but is presented with every possible qualification and with great refinement of definition. There are no concessions to easy-going readers in this volume; one must think with the essayist instead of suffering the essayist to think for him.

And no American critic is better worth thinking with than Mr. Brownell. The intellectual quality of his work is of a very high order; he is capable of a sustained concentration of thought, a sustained power of attention, rare in recent literature. More than this, his method is unweariedly searching and penetrating; each essay is a piece of coherent, orderly, progressive thinking, which is never diverted from a straight line and which fastens itself as if by instinct on the few organizing qualities, the few characteristic traits, of a writer, and follows them with a kind of relentless logic to their ultimate results. This volume has, as a result of this exacting quality of thought and of method, an exhilarating effect on the reader. It does not lull, it stimulates him; it will not carry him a yard, but it makes him eager to go the whole distance. No critical work of precisely this quality has been done by any other American essayist.

Mr. Brownell has studied French writers, art, and society to very good purpose, as the readers of his earlier books know. In his criticism he shows not so much the influence as the companionship of the great French critics—a group of men who have given criticism the definiteness of science without sacrificing the charm of art. The detachment which the French critic attains with such apparent ease, and which the English and American critics attain so rarely and with such difficulty, is conspicuous in Mr. Brownell's work. He does not, however, wholly escape the intellectual and moral bias with which the most characteristic and representative writers of our language are born; it is fortunate that he does not, for the touch of his personality is one of the most interesting elements in his work. One is reminded occasionally of Taine, not so much by any definite point of view or philosophical attitude, as by the emphasis of interest on the structure of literature and the uncompromising rigor of his method.

In dealing with so diverse a group of writers as Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Ruskin, Arnold, and Meredith, a critic of Mr. Brownell's integrity and candor must make a fairly complete disclosure of his critical positions and apparatus. There are no evasions in this volume and there are no concessions; the writer winds himself into his subject and leaves an exact record of his progress and conclusions. His strength is so evident from the start that he gives rational satisfaction even when he provokes dissent. When he is sympathetic with his subject, as in the case of Thackeray, he gives his reader the feeling that there is nothing more to be said; the ground has been so adequately covered that it would be a waste of time to go over it again. This essay, in its clear insight, its luminous analysis, its closeness and exactness of statement, must be ranked with the best American criticism. The discussion of Carlyle is immensely suggestive, but it is less convincing; one cannot help feeling that there are greater coherence and lift in Carlyle than are indicated by this rigorous examination of his claims. The study of George Eliot is an admirable example of a method which aims to lay bare the formative elements and to discriminate with dispassionate candor between the best and the second best in art. This essay gives the reader the feeling that he is probably reading the judgment of posterity. The lover of

[1] *Victorian Prose Masters.* By W. C. Brownell. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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Meredith will be very restive and at times openly rebellious as he follows Mr. Brownell's keen, relentless analysis of one of the most interesting and perplexing of modern novelists; but it must be confessed that Mr. Brownell comes dangerously near the truth, and he leaves a very uncomfortable doubt in the mind which is likely to bear the fruit of more discriminating appreciation in the future. As a piece of analysis this essay is a joy to the mind, so keen, so searching, so full of insight is it.

That this collection of essays is to be counted among the books which must be reckoned with is quite certain. It is a piece of solid, competent, high-class writing in an age when close thinking and exact statement are by no means common. Neither in this country nor in England can its contemporary equivalent in cogency, force, and thoroughness be recalled. For some readers its limitation will be in its emphasis on the purely intellectual element in literature; or, to be more exact, Mr. Brownell gives the impression at times of dealing with literature from the philosophical rather than the literary point of view; of missing somewhat those elements of temperament, of feeling, of instinct, and of insight which form what may be called the subconscious element in great writers. Where analysis can go, he goes with extraordinary directness; but there are limits to the application of analysis. In the essay on Carlyle, and at points in other essays, one feels that this powerful and conscientious mind does not quite get to the bottom; that it misses something which is very near the heart of the matter. It is extraordinarily intelligent and thorough, but it sometimes lacks divination.

The style suffers somewhat from the same cause; it is exact, packed with meaning, intelligent to the last degree; but here again one feels at times as if the manner were philosophical rather than artistic. Mr. Brownell has so much to say that needs to be said, he brings into our current writing such close and searching thinking, he has such familiarity with the best in art, that candid criticism both of his thought and of his manner is not merely his due; the high quality of his work not only evokes but compels it.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alien (The): A Story of Middle Age. By F. F. Montrésor. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 379 pages. $1.50.

This story, the heroine of which has left youth behind her before seeking acquaintance with the reader, will be found of much interest as a study in character. The scenes are laid mainly in England, though partially in South America. A mother's love for a wandering and wasteful son, the self-sacrifice of another woman, together with the complex motives of an adventurer who largely dominates the fortunes of the others, make up the dramatic interest of a story told with skill and insight.

All Round the Clock. By Robert Ellis Mack. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7½×9¼ in. 64 pages. $1.25.

American Boys' Life of William McKinley. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 316 pages. $1.25.

This timely life of our late President will be found especially adapted to young readers. Besides a sufficiently comprehensive account of his birth, education, and training, it also gives something of his ancestors, and furnishes several stories of early happenings. The anecdotes connected with his army experiences during the Civil War will be found illustrative of vivid courage and truth.

Andrea Mantegna. By Maud Cruttwell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) 6×8 in. 132 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Animal Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12×10 in. 14 pages. 50c.

Animals of the Past. By Frederic A. Lucas. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 258 pages. $2, net.

A branch of science is here popularized in an extremely interesting account of

> "dragons of the prime
> That tare each other in their slime."

The gigantic reptiles and birds of far-gone æons, the Brontornis, for instance, or "thunder-bird," with leg-bones larger than those of the ox, make one glad, on this introduction to them, that bygones are bygones. Together with the geological and zoölogical lore which Mr. Lucas has here made both intelligible and interesting to the general reader, practically

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useful information is given for the collection and preservation of fossil remains, and their restoration to proper form.

Anthracite Coal Industry (The). By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 261 pages. $3.50.

A much better book than the author's crude preface or Professor Sumner's introduction would lead one to expect. The work is mature and it is full of a human interest, which the mere discussion of economic forces could not easily awaken. The author has been alive to every phase of the social and moral problems presented by the anthracite mining district, and the sympathies which, as he confesses in his preface, made him a Socialist, until at Yale he "came under the guidance of masters whose reputation in political and social science is world-wide," have led him to try to see things as they present themselves to the working people. This does not mean that the book is still socialistic, for in philosophy it is quite the reverse, but its spirit is eminently fair to those who man the mines as well as to those who manage them. After a geological chapter on the anthracite coal deposits, a geological and historical chapter on the development of the coal beds, and two economic chapters on the capitalization of the mines and the transportation problems, there follow six chapters upon the work and the remuneration of operators and miners, the dangers to which they are exposed from accident, the influence of company stores, and the losses and gains resulting from strikes and trades-unionism. These chapters are remarkably judicial in temper as well as thorough in workmanship. The concluding chapter deals optimistically with the problems presented by the control of the anthracite mining industry by the present syndicate, and embodies the political economy which the author learned at Yale.

Apostolic Optimism and Other Sermons. By J. H. Jowett, M.A. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 277 pages.

This volume is, we think, the first presentation to an American audience of a preacher who has lately come forward to the front rank in England. As the successor of such a man as the late Dr. R. W. Dale in the pulpit of Carrs Lane, Birmingham, Mr. Jowett took a position taxing the highest powers. That he has filled it so well as to satisfy the highest anticipations all testimonies concur. The present volume, with a personal record so commendatory behind it, reveals the qualities which to-day, in England at least, attract great congregations. Here one finds no sensationalism, no rhetorical artifice, no striving after effect, but manly dignity, warm feeling, strenuous earnestness. Two characteristics are specially marked—a faculty of drawing fresh lessons from familiar texts, and a constant association of practical life with its deepest springs in the fundamental truths that many modern religionists make small use of.

Art of Teaching (The). By Emerson E. White, A.M., LL.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 321 pages. $1.

An acknowledged master of both the science and the art of teaching, as his preceding volumes show, here discusses clearly and helpfully, with criticism of some fallacious methods, the various problems of teachers in elementary and grammar schools, both as regards underlying principles and practical methods. The subject is pursued into its details in all the particular branches of school study from reading to civics, well rounding a treatise of great merit and utility.

Bells Across the Snow. By F. R. Havergal. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 20 pages. 50c.

Bryn Mawr College Calendar for 1902. Designed by Jessie Willcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green. The Bryn Mawr College Students' Association, 1901, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 7¼×14 in.

Last year certain students at Bryn Mawr conceived the idea of publishing a calendar which should give the spirit of college life at a woman's college, and their experiment was so successful that they have followed it up with a second "Bryn Mawr Calendar for 1902" in the form of a long, flat booklet, printed on an effective shade of brown, with full-page illustrations opposite the page for each month, of undergraduates in timely occupation and costume, from January to December. The illustrations are printed in color, and are drawn with freedom and effectiveness, and the calendar succeeds in conveying a very pleasant impression of college life in a woman's college.

Buttercup Farm. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9×11½ in. 62 pages. $1.50.

Calendars.—A Church Calendar. 7½×9½ in. $1.50. **The Falstaff Calendar.** 8×6¼ in. 50c. **In Friendship's Name Calendar.** 9×3 in. 50c. **Little Cherubs Calendar.** 50c. **Golden Childhood Calendar.** 9¼×11½ in. $1.50. **Heavenly Guidance Calendar.** 9×13 in. $1.50. **Gloria in Excelsis.** 6½×10¾ in. $1. **Sweet Blossoms Calendar.** 6½×12 in. 75c. **Merry Hearts Calendar.** 9×11¼ in. $1.50. **The Elite Calendar.** 14×16 in. $2.50. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Captain Bluitt: A Tale of Old Turley. By Charles Heber Clark (Max Adeler). Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 463 pages. $1.50.

This is a story of delightful and whimsical humor, by an author who has many years ago made his mark in that line. The scenes are Southern while slavery was still a feature. There is very little plot; the interest is social, homogeneous, and full of character-play. Quaint and unexpected turns of thought meet the reader on nearly every page, and much shrewd philosophy of life is mingled with ostensibly idle fancies.

Care of Books (The). By John Willis Clarke, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 7×10½ in. 330 pages. $5.

This impressive-looking octavo is clearly printed on good paper. A fine specimen of book-making befits a volume which conveys much information concerning book-making. It contains even more information, however, concerning the care of books in general, and in particular book-preserving in libraries. The only trouble with the text is that there is not enough of it. Up to the end of the eighteenth century every period is covered, special attention being given to earlier epochs. Modern

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usages are not so fully treated, and, alas! present-day methods not at all. It would have seemed easy to enlarge the work without making the volume one of uncomfortable size, by the addition of descriptions of present library customs and habits, especially the stack system. The illustrations double the value of the text; they show the evolution of the library from its early beginning as a lectern surmounting a book cupboard.

Casting of Nets. By Richard Bagot. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 362 pages. $1.50.

A story of unusual motive and purpose; a family drama with a basis both religious and controversial, it is yet alive with human interest. Lord Redman, an English noble of ancient family and broad estates, loves and is loved in turn by a lady as well born as himself. Nominally of the Anglican Church, he is thoroughly indifferent to religion as expressed by creeds, and as his loved one is a Roman Catholic, he makes every concession desired by her family—a marriage only in her Church and a solemn promise registered that any children born of their marriage be brought up in the religion of their mother. All goes well. His wife is noble and charming. She is beloved by all, from the Protestant rector down to the humblest peasant on her husband's estate. But her family are not content that the young wife does not seek to convert her husband. Her grandmother, a convert herself, glories in her own record as a maker of converts. She tortures Lord Redman's young wife and worries several priests into aiding her. Finally their joint efforts bring on an illness from which the young wife barely escapes with life and which causes the death of her child. This has the unexpected result of bringing husband and wife into closer sympathy, and to the discussion of subjects which both had agreed never to broach to one another. They finally go abroad and sojourn in Rome. Their experiences there amid the contrasts of Catholicism, broad and narrow, open the mental eyes of both, and the philosophic mind of an Italian prelate becomes an inspiration to the girl bred only to the narrow, creed-bound views she had known in England. The result is that she takes the initiative in freeing her husband from the promises he had made. The book, though somewhat extreme against the bigotry of English Catholics, is ably and boldly written, and will no doubt obtain a wide reading on both sides of the Atlantic.

Christmas Cards.—My Symphony. By William Henry Channing. **Our Burden Bearer.** By Phillips Brooks. **To-day. A Slumber Song.** 7¾×9 in. 35c. each.

Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern. Edited with Notes by Joshua Sylvester. Illustrated. A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 140 pages. $1.

Christ of History and of Experience (The). By David W. Forrest, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 489 pages. $2, net.

The third edition of these valued lectures is notable by reason of another appendix. In it the author declares that the doctrine of the Incarnation is essentially an induction from facts. Abstract ideas of humanity and divinity, according to Dr. Forrest, afford no help in determining the self-consciousness or the particular actions of the Incarnate One. Our entire conception of Him must be construed (and if necessary reconstrued) in the light of the data. The question of our Lord's prayers, for instance (whether or not he abstained from praying with his disciples), is but a small part of a vast problem, though it is by no means an unimportant part of it. These questions, says Dr. Forrest, are not to be settled by *a priori* considerations: it is as illegitimate to argue that Christ must have observed common prayer because he was a man, as that he must have known the day and hour of the Last Judgment because he was the Son of God. The main subject of the volume, the problem raised by the union of the historical and the spiritual in Christianity, has come into increasing prominence during the four years which have elapsed since the first edition of this book was published. We again call attention to such a contribution to our knowledge as is "The Christ of History and Experience" in this day when modern Gospel criticism forces the problem to the front on its historical side, and when the rise of the school of religious symbolism (as represented by the late Auguste Sabatier) illustrates the theological interest already attested by prevalent Hegelian and Ritschlian tendencies.

Dainty Diary (The) for 1902. Sketches by Hal Hurst. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3½×5¾ in. 50c.

Dorothy Fox. By Louisa Parr. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 374 pages. $1.50.

This will be found a pleasantly told story leading the reader on by a double thread of love interest. Dorothy Fox is a beautiful and lovable young Quakeress who wins the esteem and ardent affection of a young man of the world. How she induced her people to consent to the match, and how her lover struggled to reconcile his worldly-minded mother, compose the complexities of the story. The other thread of interest deals with the efforts of the hero's mother to marry her daughter to a newly rich man while the daughter's affections ran to the honorable but impecunious scion of an ancient family whose ancestral seat the newly rich man now enjoys. Incidentally the story exposes much of the complications of English social life as they existed at the close of the Crimean war.

Dragon of Pekin (The). By Captain F. S. Brereton, R.A.M.C. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

Portraying the adventures of English youths in China, this tale unfolds many queer features of modern Chinese life and Chinese trickery. It leads the reader safely through many villainous schemes, affords peeps into opium dens as conducted at home, and depicts other strange customs.

Dutch Life in Town and Country. By P. M. Hough, B.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 291 pages. $1.20, net.

For a work so modest in its claims, this little book furnishes a good deal of information, and of a sort such as average readers desire.

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In form somewhat sketchy, the salient features of Dutch life are brought into view, and the reader may obtain a fair idea of the national fabric as well as the characteristics of the people. Politics, religion, art, literature, and social habits are all epitomized, and one is made to feel something of the quality of a very interesting national life. Many, perhaps, will be made to realize for the first time that Colonial Holland is about six times as large as the plucky little water-locked kingdom in Europe. Again, most people think of Holland as so strongly Protestant as to forget that one-third of the people are Roman Catholic, and, considering ability, social, literary, and artistic, a very important third. Especially interesting, too, is the contrast shown between club life in Holland and that existing in England and America. In Holland men use their clubs only for business purposes, and for only an hour or two daily; all reading and all social recreation take place at home, and are shared with the family.

Firebrand (The). By S. R. Crockett. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 516 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Crockett has evidently journeyed in Spain to accumulate material out of which to blend local coloring for this romance. We confess again to liking this author's idyls of Scottish life and studies of Scottish character better than his novels of adventure, but, leaving the question of reality and probability aside, it must be admitted that he has a swinging narrative style and never-failing invention. This book has action even to excess. Its first half-page chronicles with unpleasant minuteness a revolting murder, and thence onward the clash of the sword and the report of the pistol are frequent. There are Spanish beauties, jealous rivals, and consequent love stories, and a wandering and irascible Scotchman, a commerce-seeking Englishman, and a volatile Frenchman give a pseudo-international aspect to the romance.

Folly in Fairyland. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 261 pages. $1.

Tells the story of a little girl named Florinda—shortened into Folly—who in dream experience lived again in all the fairy tales she had ever read, talked with all the wonderful people in them, and saw them do and say many new things.

George Eliot's Complete Works. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12 vols. 4×6½ in. $1 per vol., cloth; $1.25, leather.

There cannot be too many small books, if they are well printed on paper sufficiently opaque. There is no reason why a book should take up any more room than necessary to place its contents properly before the eye. The Warwick Edition of George Eliot is one of the smaller editions which may be commended because of its compact size; the volumes are well made in every respect, the type clear, and the paper, although not as thin as India paper, opaque; the spacing assists the eye. The twelve volumes fill comparatively little space; and it is hardly necessary to say that into that space could not be put more penetrating insight, deeper knowledge of life in certain of its aspects, and, in at least four of the stories, finer literary art. The edition is published in cloth and also in leather.

God Seeker (The): A Tale of Old Styria. By Peter Rosegger. Authorized Translation by Francis E. Skinner. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 475 pages. $1.50.

This first appearance of an eminent German novelist in an English translation places him among those one hopes to meet again. The ecclesiastical tyranny of the fifteenth century reduced a peaceful community of mountaineers by the interdict of the Church to a condition of atheistic savagery, consequent on their superstitious belief that they no more had a God. A village patriarch, however, still found God in nature, and vainly strove to lead to him, but, having become a visionary fire worshiper, he finally immolates the whole community with their new sanctuary in a terrible holocaust. Amid the cruel horrors of the situation human fidelity and tender affections still bloom here and there like flowers on a trampled and gory battlefield. The novelist himself is deeply religious, and in large sympathy both with nature and with human hearts. His tone is virile, he breathes Alpine air; his story, based on fact, vividly paints the life of those evil times.

Happy Playtimes. Illustrated by Eveline Lance. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9×11 in. 64 pages. $1.50.

In Memoriam. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 158 pages. $1.

In the Days of Audubon. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 236 pages. $1.50.

Few holiday books for the young will be found at once so instructive and entertaining as this. Depicting the life and work of Audubon in story form, the great naturalist is made to live and work again amid the people and scenes of his day, and many prominent people in touch with him are brought again before the reader.

Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance. By L. J. Freeman, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 212 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Junk: Verses, Pathetic and Otherwise; Mostly Otherwise. Leon Lempert, Jr., Instigator. Illustrated. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 7×11 in.

Lead, Kindly Light. By J. H. Newman. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 20 pages. 50c.

Life of Our Lord in the Words of the Four Evangelists (The). By Anna M. Perry. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4½×6 in. 203 pages. 60c., net.

This is a new imprint of one of several publications in which the Four Gospels are interwoven in a continuous narrative. It is very well done in the text of the Authorized Version, divided into fifty chapters. Notes and reference indices are appended.

London: Historic and Social. By Claude De La Roche Francis. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in.

As a sober and painstaking narrative this

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book leaves little to be desired. In many points its information is both more complete and exact than that to be found in Sir Walter Besant's volumes, but the latter have the glamour of the romance of history which is lacking here. The two volumes are copiously and well illustrated. They may be commended to the attention of visitors to London as furnishing a complete historic study of the world's greatest city, and as supplementing the guide-books.

Making of an American (The). By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 443 pages. $2, net.

Nothing could be more superfluous than to describe this book to the readers of The Outlook. Whatever else may have been left unread, these chapters of a life made themselves read; and of this the editors have had overwhelming proof in letters innumerable, in press comment, and in many other ways. One reason why they made lively as well as profitable reading is suggested in Mr. Riis's reply in his word of preface to some who have asked if these were made-up stories: "I am mighty glad they are not. I would not have missed being in it all for anything." It is this joyous optimism that gives the book life, humor, and purpose. There is not a moan of self-pity; but there is tremendous indignation against the wrongs of the poor and of the children. The personal story, interesting and stirring in itself, is most of all interesting because it shows how character grew and power to do things was gained by fighting the battles of those who needed aid. The history of the making of one American may well aid in making others. Its ingenuousness is based in sincerity, its incidents are singularly varied and dramatic, its keynote is that of hopefulness and helpfulness.

Mental State of Hystericals (The): A Study of Mental Stigmata and Mental Accidents. By Pierre Janet, Litt.D., M.D. Translated by Caroline Rollin Corson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 535 pages. $3.50, net.

The study of the obscure malady known as hysteria began in an exact and scientific way, less than a quarter-century since, in the researches of Professor Charcot at the Salpêtrière, in Paris. Professor Janet, a former pupil of Charcot, has brought together in this highly interesting work for the purpose of comparative study numerous memoranda of psychological observations of hysterical patients, with critical discussions of the facts presented. As a work in the field of medical psychology it has special claim to the attention of all students therein. In summarizing the conclusions derived from all the phenomena, Dr. Janet pronounces hysteria a mental disorder that might be described as "an exaggerated absent-mindedness." He finds it characterized especially by moral symptoms, an enfeeblement of will and the power of attention, with a tendency to a breaking up of the personality into states of consciousness independent of each other. The great interest of these studies is in the growing importance assumed by psychiatry, the healing of disordered minds, and in the progress making toward a hopeful answer of Macbeth's despairing question, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

New Americans (The). By Alfred Hodder. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 472 pages. Reserved for notice later.

New Testament in Braid Scots (The). Rendered by Rev. William Wye Smith. Alexander Gardner, Paisley, Scotland. Address orders to Rev. W. W. Smith, St. Catharines, Ontario. 5½×9 in. 331 pages. $1.50.

While we cannot share the interest of a Scotsman in this translation into broad Scotch, we recognize its utility for would-be learners of that dialect in Macaulay's method of acquiring a foreign language by taking it up in the New Testament. For a specimen of its divergency from our mother tongue see 1 Timothy v., 15, "Already some are turned aside after Satan," rendered here, "E'en noo a wheen are gane agley eftir Sautan."

Old-Time Gardens. By Alice Morse Earle. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 489 pages. $2.50, net.

This belated volume is a very attractively made book, with covers which suggest June, with numerous illustrations of plants, flowers, trees, bits of gardens, shaded ends of verandas, turns of roads, and all manner of out-of-door phases, aspects, and vistas. Its chief charm, however, is its text and in the atmosphere which Mrs. Earle has diffused through the book. She happily characterizes it in her sub-title as "A book of the sweet o' the year." She has studied so long the colonial background in its homes, its gardens, its customs, its people, its dress, and its books, that she brings to such a subject as that which she treats in this book a full mind and very sympathetic feeling for that which is not only beautiful in itself, but which has the mellow ripeness of the old time. The introductory chapter on "Colonial Garden Making" is a contribution to our knowledge of the ways and tastes of our fathers. But Mrs. Earle does not stop with gardens; she gives details, in a series of chapters which have no direct connection, but which are enveloped in the out-of-door atmosphere, and throw light from one point to another upon old-time habits and ways. Such topics as "Old Flower Favorites," "The Blue Flower Border," "Sun-Dials," "Plant Names," and "Box Hedges," suggest not only the subdivisions but the treatment, which is familiar and intimate. The whole book has a delightful flavor of gardens and old times, and the illustrations make it one of the books which people like to have within reach.

Pestalozzi and the Foundation of the Modern Elementary School. By A. Pinloche. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1, net.

A third of this volume is devoted to a biographical sketch of Switzerland's "great pedagogue," the remainder to an exposition of his educational theory and its influence in various countries, particularly in Prussia. Pestalozzi was an educator of educators rather than of children. Hence his life, though a series of failures in his school enterprises, achieved

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great success by the revolution he effected in educational theory, which he was the first to base on a sound scientific foundation. Of this an illuminating account is here given.

Pride of Race (The). By B. L. Farjeon. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 244 pages. $1, net.

Principles of Knowledge (The): With Remarks on the Nature of Reality. By the Rev. Johnston Estep Walter. Vol. I. Johnston & Penney, West Newton, Pa. 5½×9 in. $2. 302 pages.

The interest of this work is to oppose to the ascendant monistic philosophy a doctrine of dualistic realism. This interest apparently concentrates in the forthcoming second volume, treating of the external relations of mind and the criterion of reality. The present volume deals acutely with the cognitive and constructive operations of mind in the realm of immediate knowledge. One has some difficulty in subscribing to certain definitions made here; *e.g.*, that "Being, or reality, is that which has permanence and spatial extension"—as if there could be no reality in such a thing as a great idea; also, that spatial extension is, as Spinoza taught, an attribute of mind. Considering the high practical importance of a sound epistemology, it seems hazardous to cumber the construction of it with highly uncertain speculation.

Psalm of Life (A). By Henry W. Longfellow. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 20 pages. 50c.

Punch and Judy. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9×11 in. 14 pages. 25c.

Pussy Meow: The Autobiography of a Cat. By S. Louise Patteson. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 237 pages. 60c.

Rational Basis of Orthodoxy (The). By Albert Weston Moore, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 378 pages. $1.75, net.

Not every reader will be able to agree with Dr. Moore's conclusions, but every reader will find this book valuably suggestive, especially in its chapters on "The Rationality of Faith" and on "Christian Supernaturalism." In the last named the author points out that a miracle is not necessarily an event outside the realm of natural law, but that it may be due to causes normal to spheres beyond our present experience; that there is not only no presumption against it, but even some degree of probability the other way, arising out of ethical necessities of the case. In all of his chapters Dr. Moore endeavors to show that the stream which faith must leap is not too wide, or, in other words, that the assumption with which the Christian starts involves no unnatural break with current knowledge. With great acuteness to the rationalistic mind, if not always with entire satisfactoriness, he indicates how Christianity may be co-ordinated with other beliefs, scientific or philosophical, which men of education deem themselves justified in adopting. Not a few disheartened seekers after truth, therefore, who have felt that their religious hopes could not claim the rational sanction which attaches to secular beliefs, may here obtain some degree of comfort and strength.

Religion in History and in Modern Life. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¾ in. 261 pages. 80c.

We cannot praise too highly the essay on "The Church and the Working Classes" which prefaces the new edition of this wholesome and helpful book. Principal Fairbairn has faced without fear the whole truth respecting the attitude of the working classes toward the church, and his reflections upon it are calculated to awaken the Church to a change of its attitude toward those it has alienated. The infidelity among the working classes, he remarks, with true insight, "is an effect rather than a cause of the workingman's estrangement from the churches; it is an apology for the attitude he holds rather than the reason why he has assumed the attitude."

Rescued by a Prince. By Clement Eldridge. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 299 pages. $1.

Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 376 pages. $3, net.

Here in the form of romance is told the story—to quote one of Mrs. Champney's sub-titles—of "How the Renaissance Came to France." By excellent pictures and by vivid narrative the histories and romantic stories of the famous French châteaux are made real. Many great figures like Bayard and Gaspard de Coligny and Francis I. and the Duc de Guise, and beautiful women like Diane de Poictiers and Margaret de Valois and the Duchess of Guise, are brought clearly into acquaintance with the reader. The book is decidedly readable, and it was well worth doing. Many of the illustrations are photogravures. In form the book is attractive, and good taste is shown at every point.

Round the World to Wympland. By Evelyn Sharp. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 225 pages.

Young readers will here find a delectable extravaganza, appropriately illustrated, on the cover of which dance the most agile of "yellow kids." The contents tell of the antics of a Candy Witch, the Giant who was Lonely, the Spell of the Magician's Daughter, the Breakfast of Prince Golardia, and other personages not subject to the common lot of this humdrum life.

Ruskin Year-Book. Compiled and Edited by Ann Bachelor. James H. Earle & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 227 pages. 75c.

Shoulder-Straps and Sun-Bonnets. By Edith Elmer Wood. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 317 pages. $1.50.

This volume presents a series of short tales very well told. Many of them have already seen the light in magazine form. Among them are "The Other Point of View," from "The Century," "Not in the Signal Code," from "Scribner's," and several from "Harper's Bazar" and elsewhere.

Some Boys' Doings. By John Habberton. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 257 pages. 80c., net.

Soul-at-Arms (The), and Other Poems. By James Robinson Smith. Hezlitt & Seaward, Cambridgeport, Mass. 5×7 in. 38 pages.

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Simple Life (The). By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Wendee. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 193 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Sport Indeed. By Thomas Martindale. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 346 pages. $1.60, net.

Pleasantly written sketches of hunting, with moose and caribou as the most important game. There are many incidents of camp life and sketches of various amusing experiences. The book is illustrated with good photograph reproductions, and is well made.

Stray Papers: Being Stories, Reviews, Verses, and Sketches (1821–1847). By William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Lewis Melville. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8¼ in. 492 pages. $2, net.

A volume made up of gleanings from the newspapers to which Thackeray made contributions during the twenty-six years following 1821, collected by Mr. Lewis Melville. The reader will be compelled to trust Mr. Melville's judgment on the authenticity of much of the matter presented in this volume. It makes no important addition to Thackeray's work; and it would have been wiser if much of it had been left in the columns of forgotten newspapers. There are, however, a number of articles, especially book reviews, in this volume which are interesting because they are characteristic of the author of "Henry Esmond" and of "Vanity Fair."

Three Hundred and Sixty-five Breakfast Dishes. Selected from Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Lemcke, "Table Talk," "Boston Cooking School Magazine," and Others. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 4×6 in. 169 pages. 40c., net.

Thyra: A Romance of the Polar Pit. By Robert Ames Bennet. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 258 pages. $1.50.

Much imaginative scope and play of romantic interest go to the make-up of this story of a band of explorers bound for the North Pole. How they discover a balloon, leaking and deserted, capture it and navigate it into a hitherto unknown region inhabited by a lost tribe of ancient Norsemen, must be left for the interested reader to discover.

Times and Young Men (The). By Josiah Strong. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 247 pages. 75c., net.

An address delivered a year ago before a Young Men's Christian Association, the repetition and printed copies of which were widely called for, has been expanded into this book. The lessons of experience and history, of science and of the New Testament, are here urged on young men who have any serious purpose in life. Dr. Strong puts much sound sense into pithy and persuasive form. His book is both enlightening and stimulating to the young man who wants his life to count something for the good of his country and the world.

Touring Alaska and the Yellowstone. By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 388 pages. $1.60, net.

This is another of Mr. Taylor's enthusiastic travel accounts. He is almost too enthusiastic, but his outlook is often inspiring, and he has a keen eye for the picturesque.

Two of the Best. By Dorothy Quigley. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 242 pages. $1.25.

Winged Arrow's Medicine. By Harry Castlemon. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 293 pages. $1.

Wooing of Sheila (The). By Grace Rhys. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 291 pages. $1.50.

There is a quality in this story which the discerning reviewer rarely lights upon in the present-day rapid manufacture of books. Its distinction lies in the fact that from start to finish its author reveals a thorough knowledge of her ground and a first-hand acquaintance with the people she depicts. In a sense the knowledge the book exhales might be called psychological; it breathes a racial instinct as keen and subtle as that of Jane Barlow; for, like the works of that author, the scenes of the present story are laid in Ireland. Like Miss Barlow, too, this author gives us none of the stuff commonly dubbed brogue—that is, a vulgar and slovenly misplacement of vowel sounds. The peasantry she introduces to us speak native idiom; that is, they reveal quaint tricks of tongue peculiar to a people who had learned to phrase English words while still thinking after the manner and construction of another and older tongue. This is an improvement to which a few writers of the modern Celtic school—so called—treat us when depicting either the Irish or Scotch Highland Gael. The present story is, however, in substance and treatment wholly unlike the sketches of Miss Barlow. It is more broadly cut out. Mainly a love story, it presents many contrasting glimpses of Irish life, and the gloomy power, rollicking gayety, and tearful comedy of the people's lives are well etched. The struggle for a livelihood, the fierce pride and ingrained virtue of the people, afford an effective foil to the brutality of unchecked power, the mediæval tyranny of the typical Irish squire. Sheila is a subtly charming yet convincing creation. She presents an effective study in the unrelenting hardness of an innocent girl unenlightened by knowledge of life. Her lover, Michael Power, born to wealth and victimized by a father's revenge, is a hero as unconventional as Sheila herself. The study of a great-hearted but weak-minded fellow, what the Irish call an *omadhaun*, affords a most touching bit of portraiture.

World's Delight (The). By Mary J. H. Skrine. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 296 pages.

Mrs. Skrine deals mainly with child life, and treats it in an unhackneyed manner. These short stories show that the author knows how to look upon the world with child eyes and interpret it with child spirit. The seriousness of childhood, its dignity, its glorified imaginings, its self-sufficiency and frequent scorn for the methods and point of view of its elders, its humor and heroism—always unconscious—all are handled with the skill and insight which mark one impelled to write from creative impulse.

Zauberlinda: The Wise Witch. By Eva Katharine Gibson. Illustrated. The Robert Smith Printing Co., Chicago. 6¼×8½ in. 256 pages.

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Correspondence

The Excise Question

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been amazed at the trend of the discussion in The Outlook upon the Excise Question. I had not supposed it possible for any minister of the Gospel to admit for one moment the right of a saloon to do business on Sunday. Such a proposition would be unthinkable here in Pennsylvania, where we are accustomed to observe the Sabbath. It has been the custom in some quarters of late to class Philadelphia with New York and hold both together as examples of bad municipal government. But this question of Sunday opening of saloons brings out in clear light the rank injustice of placing Philadelphia upon the same low plane with New York. In Philadelphia the saloons are closed tightly from midnight on Saturday until Monday morning. The saloon-keepers themselves, as a class, are very particular in the observance of the law. In fact, the renewal of their licenses from year to year depends in great measure upon the care with which they have obeyed the law prohibiting sales on Sunday and to minors. If Mayor Low and District Attorney Jerome desire to see how the law against liquor-selling on Sunday can be enforced in a large city, let them come over to Philadelphia or Pittsburg. There is no more trouble about it than in enforcing any other law upon the statute-book. It is merely a question of having the will to do it. If the people of New York want a quiet, peaceful Sunday, such as is enjoyed by the people of Philadelphia, they can have it. "Where there is a will there is a way," and in this case the way is plain.

W. P. Potter.

Philadelphia, Pa.

[Doubtless where there is a will there is a way, and we presume from our correspondent's letter that the will of the people of Philadelphia is in favor of tightly closed saloons on Sunday. The question for New Yorkers is, What is the will of the people of New York City? Local option can decide that. If it is their will to have the saloons closed, no doubt they can be closed; but the will of the people in the rural districts cannot close the saloons in New York City against the will of the people in New York City. We think it not at all improbable, if the question of Sunday closing is submitted to the people of New York City, that the people of New York City will decide to close them—we are quite sure the people in some sections would so decide; in which case the way would be plain because the will would be made plain.—The Editors.]

The South African War

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The attitude of The Outlook is uniformly so fair and rational on all questions of general interest that an exception to such a course excites a degree of surprise which one would not feel toward a less reasonable critic. In your editorial article on the South African War in the issue of November 23 it seems to me you have made a number of statements with which many of your readers will not agree. You say: "When the decision of battle is clearly against the one who has issued the challenge, manliness demands that he submit." You imply that the issue of battle has been against the Boers, but how do you know this is so? To be sure, Cronje surrendered at Paardeberg after a most heroic defense, with odds of fifteen or twenty to one against him, but aside from this what battle of any magnitude has been won by the British?

The published accounts which we receive are all from British sources, and most of them are so evidently colored and distorted that they would be ridiculous were it not for the infinite pathos which underlies them. Even the British public discredits and disbelieves them. That the Boers retreated from Roberts, abandoning one place after another rather than risk the great losses which pitched battles would necessitate, is true, and this, to the ordinary mind, would indicate superior judgment, and the conclusion that guerrilla warfare, if you please, was more suitable, with the given conditions, than any other mode. That it has been carried on in a most successful manner for more than a year, and with wonderful patience and moderation on the part of the Boers, very few even of their enemies would have

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the effrontery to deny. What could brave men and heroes do that they have not done, fighting with such courage, as Senator Hoar says, as has not been known since Thermopylæ, their wives and children exposed to starvation, disease, and death, exchange of prisoners denied them from the very beginning of the war, with few resources but those which are taken from the enemy, with public proclamation that they will be hanged or shot if captured or banished from their country, with constant reminders that their surrender must be unconditional? Is it any wonder that they are in desperation and look forward only to death on the battlefield?

In view of what has already happened, no one can say what the result of this struggle may be. You will be the first to admit that God is sometimes on the side of the few battalions, and he can save by few as well as by many. For eighty years little Holland struggled against mighty Spain, and won. It takes a long time to tire out a Dutchman, and even an Englishman may weary of the task and the expense. You say there is no analogy between this war and the war of the American Revolution, that there was no time when the issue of that struggle was not doubtful, that there was no time when Washington did not have an organized army in the field. How was it in the winter of 1777–8, at Valley Forge, nearly three years from the fighting at Lexington, when, according to that most recent and most excellent authority, Woodrow Wilson, there was complete despair and disorganization, not only with Washington and the army, but with the Government, such as remained of it? Even as late as August, 1780, after the defeat at Camden, S. C., of Gates by Cornwallis with a force inferior in numbers, Horace Walpole was led to say (I quote Wilson), "We look on America as at our feet," and this was long after the alliance with France and Spain. No; nations, like individuals, may well recall that wise old saying, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

If there had been no rich gold-mines in South Africa, there would have been no Jameson raid with its unpunished criminals and its unpaid indemnity; no constant goading of a simple, patient, and most heroic people to the choice of terms which an arrogant and overbearing government might propose, with resistance unto death as its alternative.

What has England gained by this struggle, call it by what name you will? The continuous disapproval of many of the noblest of her own sons, who, like Burke and Pitt and Fox and Conway, hate injustice and oppression, and are not afraid to say so; the enmity of all Europe; loss of military prestige, and, what is of far greater importance to her, the alienation of thousands upon thousands of Americans who would like to be her friends but cannot because she is unjust and arrogant and cruel; the loss of many thousands of her finest men, the bereavement and despair of their families, and a debt—well, when will she recompense herself from the gold-mines? Two prophecies were made at the beginning of this war. Paul Kruger said that its price would stagger humanity. This has already been verified. Mr. Bryce, one of the most high-minded and honorable among English statesmen, said that it might result in the abandonment of South Africa by England. This may yet occur, in spite of armies and navies.

ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

The Boers in Bermuda

To the Editors of The Outlook:

We have been taking free of charge to Bermuda considerable quantities of donations of clothing and other goods for the Boer prisoners at Bermuda, it having been publicly stated in the papers that we would be pleased to do so.

We are now notified by the authorities at Bermuda that no second-hand clothing can be received under any circumstances, it being contrary to the health regulations. New clothing will be received and forwarded, although we are informed that clothing is not necessary, the Government authorities providing such free to the prisoners.

The customs authorities require that all boxes or packages must have the name and address of the sender in the United States, with a list of contents, and must be addressed "For the Boer prisoners at Bermuda." All packages complying with these regulations will be accepted at Pier 47, North River, and transported by us free of charge to Bermuda. All other

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packages, not so marked, cannot be received. A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO.

Quebec S. S. Co., 39 Broadway, New York.

Collaboration

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As the genial reviewer of "Before the Dawn"—to whom I am already indebted for courtesies in the past—includes in his otherwise friendly notice the suggestion that this story of Russian life, though displaying two names on its title-page, may really have been the work of only one of them, and that one not myself, I ask the use of a portion of your space in order to reaffirm the fact of collaboration, thus far denied only in The Outlook. His assertion regarding the authorship of the book is contained in two sentences:

> This novel of Russian life is written by the wife of Mr. Edmund Noble. . . . We believe that Mr. Noble has in some particulars collaborated in the preparation of the book.

In reply, let me say that after the story was written a count showed that each writer had furnished about one-half of the chapters to the net result; further, that the prefixing of one name rather than the other was done in acknowledgment of Mrs. Noble's contribution of the incident of the exchange of names on which the plot is founded. As my own Russian interest and studies date from boyhood, I feel sure that your critic will absolve me from any wish to take improper credit for the skill and labor of another, even when that other is the one to whom I already owe so much in my efforts to understand and interpret Russia—my collaborator in the writing of "Before the Dawn." EDMUND NOBLE.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Some time ago you gave an account of some Young Men's Christian Associations that admit Unitarians to membership. I cannot now find the account. Will you please tell me what associations you referred to and any other of the same sort which have since come to your knowledge—Associations that admit other than members of so-called evangelical churches? A. M. W.

We think the "account" you refer to was a mere allusion in general terms in The Outlook of July 6, 1901. We are authoritatively informed that "there has been more or less of experimentation by Associations upon the 'moral' rather than the 'evangelical church test' of membership, the result being invariably a return to the evangelical basis." Portsmouth, N. H., is reported as a recent case of such a change. All the Associations admit to membership on the basis of moral character, but restrict "active membership" (which carries the right of control by voting for officers) to members of Protestant evangelical churches. The Young Men's Christian Union, in Boston, is a long-established institution of high character with no such restriction. The Athenæum is a similar institution in Chicago.

Please recommend some book on methods of Sunday-school teaching that would be suitable to be used as a text-book in a course of, say, twenty-five lessons, by pupils of high-school grade. Please mention second and third choices. L. H. C.

For answer see reply to the following inquiry.

Kindly tell me what are the best manuals for a Sunday-school normal course. A. S. C.

According to the ideals of Sunday-school work that have hitherto been followed, Dr. H. C. Trumbull's "Teaching and Teachers" (Scribners, $1.25) is not surpassed as a good specific guide. The book required by new ideals founded on psychological principles and studies of pupil-nature has not yet been written for the needs of a normal class. A leader in this line recommends as the best thing now obtainable "The Child and the Bible"—a syllabus of twenty-five lessons in education for Bible teachers, Sunday-school teachers, and parents, with references to numerous books. It may be obtained of the author, Mr. George Allen Hubbell, New York (35 cents).

Kindly inform me as to the best book or books which give a summary of the results of the Higher Criticism on the question of the "historicity" of the book of Genesis. A. M. C.

See the first two chapters of Ottley's "Short History of the Hebrews" (Macmillan, $1.25), chapters III.–VIII. of Paton's "Early History of Syria and Palestine," and the first sections of McFadyen's "Messages of the Prophetic and Priestly Historians" (Scribners, $1.25 each).

Some verses went the rounds of the newspapers—a sort of burlesque on the doctrine of evolution. They were quite clever. I remember only the first and last stanzas. The speaker is an English servant girl.

> "I was putting on my bonnet
> One afternoon at three,
> When a hinsect 'opped upon it
> As proved to be a flea.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "As sure as I'm a cinder,
> That party what you see
> A jumpin' out er winder
> Have developed from a flea."

Can any reader recall the verses? F. E. S.

About two months ago I made inquiry as to where the following might be found, and I renew the inquiry. I will call it the "seven glories," as there are seven stanzas of it all ending alike. The first stanza is:

> "Glory to God the most high,
> The supreme and eternal,
> Glory forever and ever, Amen."

The second stanza starts,

> "Glory to God the ruler of spirits."

I am anxious to find the old book in which this appeared, for the sake of this piece and others which it contained. S.

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